A POWER COMIC

PACKED WITH ACTION...LOADED WITH LAUGHS!

POW!

No. 22

17th JUNE 1967

EVERY MONDAY

7d.

ALSO INSIDE—Amazing SPIDER-MAN!

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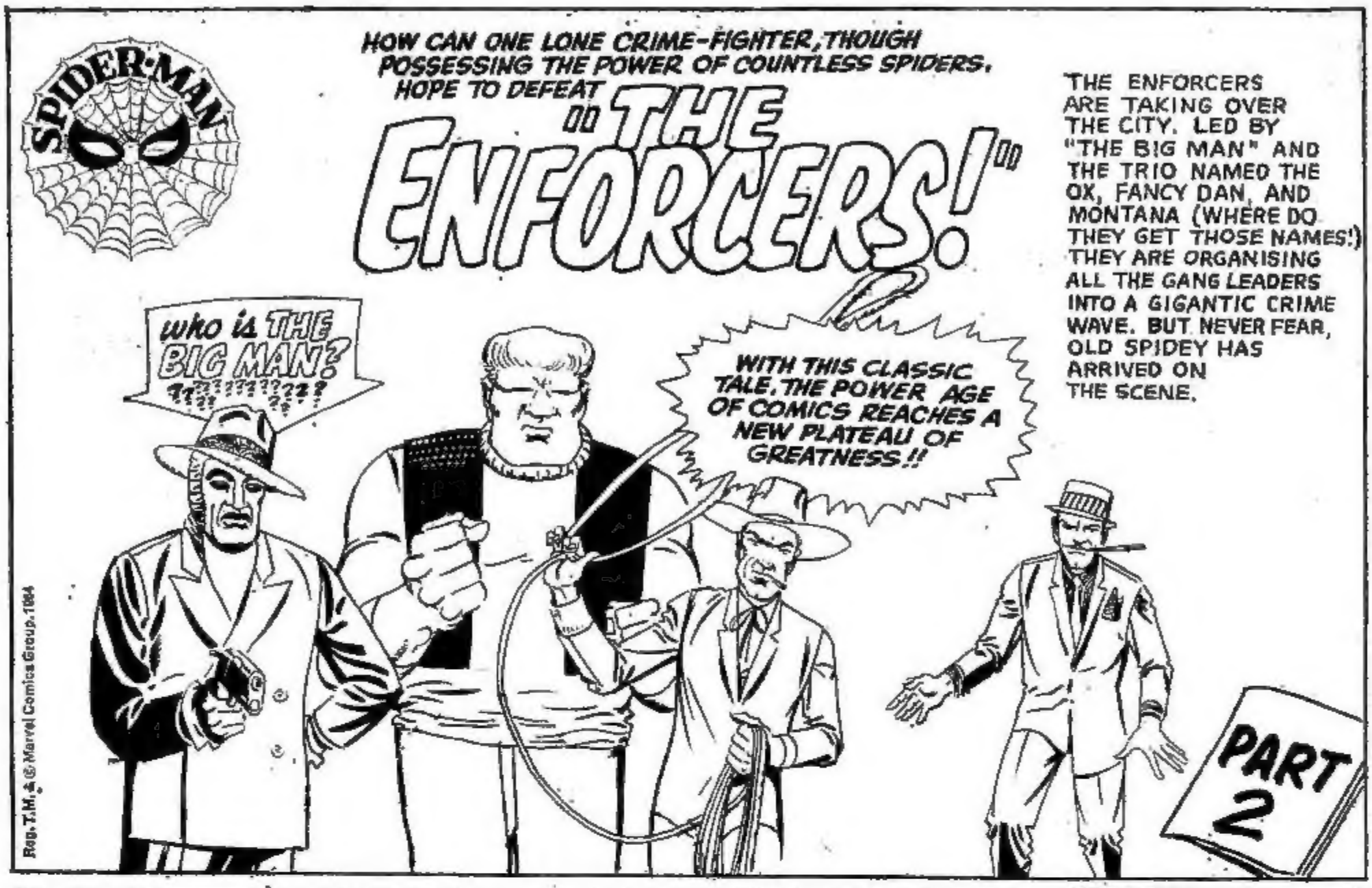
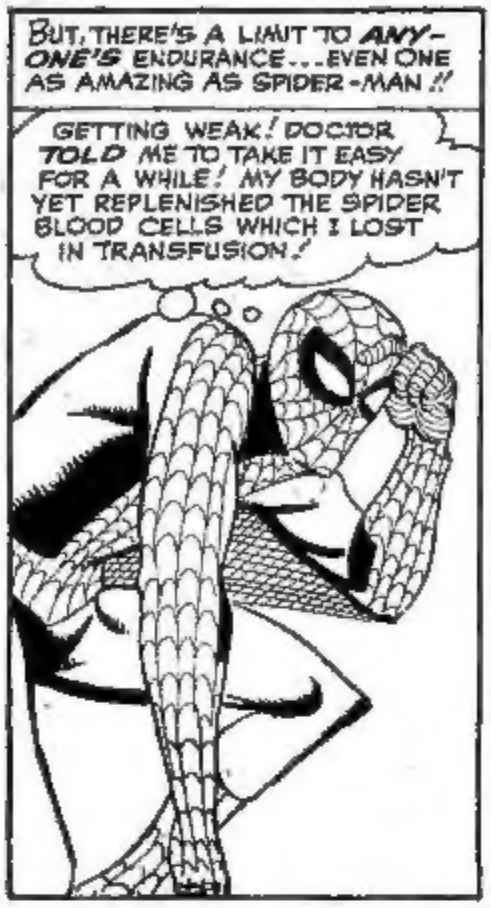

SPIDER-MAN
HOW CAN ONE LONE CRIME-FIGHTER, THOUGH POSSESSING THE POWER OF COUNTLESS SPIDERS, HOPE TO DEFEAT
"THE ENFORCERS!"
THE ENFORCERS ARE TAKING OVER THE CITY. LED BY "THE BIG MAN" AND THE TRIO NAMED THE OX, FANCY DAN, AND MONTANA (WHERE DO THEY GET THOSE NAMES!) THEY ARE ORGANISING ALL THE GANG LEADERS INTO A GIGANTIC CRIME WAVE. BUT NEVER FEAR, OLD SPIDEY HAS ARRIVED ON THE SCENE.
who is THE BIG MAN? ??????????
WITH THIS CLASSIC TALE, THE POWER AGE OF COMICS REACHES A NEW PLATEAU OF GREATNESS!!
PART 2
Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group, 1984

EVEN A REAL OX COULDN'T "GET" ME, SO NO PHONY ONE IS GOING TO DO IT!
AND YOU CAN'T CATCH SPIDER-MAN TWICE WITH THE SAME ROPE TRICK, MISTER!
WHUMPH!!
A GUY YOUR SIZE MUST BE NUTS TO TRY TO TANGLE WITH ME!
HEY! I MISSED! NEVER SAW ANYONE MOVE SO FAST!
DON'T LET MY SIZE FOOL YOU, WISE-GUY! THEY DON'T CALL ME FANCY DAN FOR NOTHING!
AND THEY DON'T CALL ME SPIDER-MAN FOR NOTHING! FAST AS YOU ARE, MY SPIDER SENSE AND SPIDER REFLEXES WILL HELP ME TO NAIL YOU ... LIKE THIS!
UH-OH! A LASSO ... 'ROUND MY WRIST!
PULLING ME OFF BALANCE ... CAN'T SHIFT MY WEIGHT IN TIME ... CAN'T DUCK THIS ---
OWW!
I BEEN WAITING TO LAND A HAY-MAKER ON SPIDER-MAN!
BUT, WHAT MIGHT BE A "HAYMAKER" TO ANYONE ELSE, JUST ANGERS SPIDER-MAN ENOUGH TO SPUR HIM TO STILL MORE DAZZLING FEATS, SUCH AS...
LOOK OUT! HE FLIPPED BACKWARDS... THROUGH THE ROPE!
HE'S STRONG ... AND SWIFT... BUT IT'S STILL THREE AGAINST ONE ... AND WHEN A GUY AS FAST AS FANCY DAN IS ALSO A JUDO EXPERT, WHAT CHANCE CAN SPIDER-MAN HAVE?
STOP FLAPPING YOUR LIPS AND KEEP FIGHTING! HE'S A LONG WAY FROM BEING LICKED YET!
YOU SAID A MOUTHFUL, THERE!
UNGHH!


BUT, THERE'S A LIMIT TO ANY-ONE'S ENDURANCE...EVEN ONE AS AMAZING AS SPIDER-MAN!!
GETTING WEAK! DOCTOR TOLD ME TO TAKE IT EASY FOR A WHILE! MY BODY HASN'T YET REPLENISHED THE SPIDER BLOOD CELLS WHICH I LOST IN TRANSFUSION!

HATE TO HAVE THEM THINK I'M RUNNING OUT ON A FIGHT, BUT I'VE GOT TO CUT OUT WHILE I STILL CAN!

FIRST THING TO DO IS GET RID OF THE LIGHT!
WHERE'D HE GO?

WITH THE AID OF MY SPIDER-SENSE, IT'S A BREEZE FOR ME TO FIND MY WAY OUT IN THE DARK!
BUT I'D REALLY LIKE TO KNOW WHERE THE BIG MAN DUCKED OUT TO DURING THE FIGHT!

MINUTES LATER, AS THE EXHAUSTED TEEN-AGER HIDES IN THE SHADOWS, CATCHING HIS BREATH, HE SEES...
IT'S JONAH JAMESON! WHAT'S HE DOING HERE? I WONDER...?!

THE BIG MAN WOULD HAVE TO BE SOME-ONE SMART, SOMEONE WITH MONEY... SOMEONE WHO KNOWS WHAT'S GOING ON! BUT I CAN'T BELIEVE THAT JONAH HIMSELF...

PUZZLED, SPIDER-MAN CHANGES TO PETER PARKER, RETURNS HOME, AND MAKES A PHONE CALL...:
BETTY SHOULD BE HOME BY NOW! I'LL CALL AND ASK HER IF SHE KNOWS WHY JONAH WOULD HAVE BEEN IN THAT NEIGHBOURHOOD!
HMM, SHE'S NOT ANSWERING THE PHONE! HOPE NOTHING'S WRONG!

AND, AT THE OTHER SIDE OF TOWN, IN BETTY BRANT'S APARTMENT...
IT MUST BE PETER! IF I SPEAK TO HIM, HE'LL QUESTION ME...AND SOONER OR LATER HE'LL GET INVOLVED WITH THE ENFORCERS!
BUT IF I DON'T ANSWER, HE'LL GET WORRIED AND COME OVER IN PERSON! I... I'D BETTER PICK UP THE PHONE!

BETTY! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? I WANT TO ASK YOU SOMETHING!
NO, PETER.. NOT NOW! I'LL SPEAK TO YOU TOMORROW! PLEASE!

I CAN'T LET HIM FALL INTO THE HANDS OF THE ENFORCERS BECAUSE OF ME!
THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO...: I'VE GOT TO LEAVE! NEVER SEE HIM AGAIN!

THE NEXT DAY, IN JONAH JAMESON'S OFFICE...
I DON'T KNOW WHERE BETTY BRANT IS! SHE SAID SHE HAD TO GO OUT OF TOWN FOR A WHILE! BLAST THE LUCK! NOW I'VE GOT TO TRAIN A NEW SECRETARY!
YOU MEAN SHE JUST LEFT?? WITH NO EXPLANATION??

LOOK, LAD, I'VE GOT MY OWN PROBLEMS! I'VE STILL GOT A NEWSPAPER TO GET OUT!
HIS HEART'S AS COLD AS AN ICE CUBE! HE DOESN'T CARE ABOUT ANY-ONE!

AS FOR YOU, I DON'T KEEP YOU AROUND BECAUSE I LIKE YOUR *LOOKS!* YOU'RE PAID TO GET *PICTURES*... SO GO *GET* SOME! AND TELL FOSWELL I'M WAITING FOR HIS NEW COLUMN ON SPIDER-MAN!

SECONDS LATER, IN FREDERICK FOSWELL'S OFFICE...

MR. FOSWELL, YOU DON'T REALLY *BELIEVE* THE JAZZ YOU WRITE ABOUT SPIDER-MAN BEING THE *BIG MAN* DO YOU?

LOOK, SON, I WRITE WHAT JAMESON TELLS ME TO! *HE'S* THE BOSS HERE!

I'D SAY THAT *PETER RABBIT* WAS THE BIG MAN IF HE TOLD ME TO! YOU DON'T WORK ON *THIS* NEWSPAPER AND ARGUE WITH OL' PRUNE FACE!

I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT... BUT IT SURE SEEMS UNFAIR!

WHY IS JAMESON SO ANXIOUS TO PUT SUSPICION ON *SPIDER-MAN!?* AND WHAT WAS *HE* DOING IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD WHERE THE ENFORCERS WERE?? CAN J.J.J. *HIMSELF* BE LEADING A DOUBLE LIFE??

BETTY'S RUN OUT ON ME!.. FOR SOME REASON I CAN'T FIGURE OUT!

AND THE BIG MAN IS GETTING A TIGHTER GRIP ON ALL THE RACKETS IN THE CITY, BECAUSE THE AVERAGE MAN IS TOO SCARED OF THE *ENFORCERS* TO REPORT THEM TO THE POLICE, OR TO DEFY THEM!

AND HERE I SIT WONDERING WHAT TO DO NEXT! SOME HOT SHOT SUPER-HERO *I* AM!

AS *SPIDER-MAN*, I MIGHT BE ABLE TO SMASH THE CRIME SYNDICATE... IF I COULD FIND THEIR MAIN HEADQUARTERS, AND LEARN WHO THE *BIG MAN* REALLY IS!

NUTS! THEY'RE NOT GOING TO SEND *SPIDER-MAN* AN INVITATION TO COME AND VISIT THEM... BUT *PETER PARKER* MAY BE ABLE TO GET HIMSELF CAPTURED BY THEM! IT'S DANGEROUS... BUT IT'S THE ONLY WAY!

AND SO, AT SCHOOL NEXT DAY, PETE PUTS HIS PERILOUS PLAN INTO OPERATION...

YOU MEAN TO SAY THAT *YOU* FIGURED OUT WHO THE *BIG MAN* IS, WHEN NOBODY *ELSE* HAS ANY IDEA?!! YOU'RE *NUTS*, PARKER!

YEAH? WELL, YOU WON'T THINK THAT WHEN I TELL MY THEORY TO THE POLICE AND GET A BIG FAT REWARD FOR HELPING TO NAB HIM!

MAYBE OL' BOOKWARM PARKER *DID* FIGURE OUT THE BIG MAN'S IDENTITY! HE'S A WHIZ ON PUZZLES AND STUFF LIKE THAT!

AWW, IF YOU ASK ME, PUNY PARKER IS JUST SHOWING OFF-- LIKE HE ALWAYS TRIES TO DO!

PSSST! PETE--COME HERE! I WANT TO *TALK* TO YOU!

FLASH! WHAT ARE YOU HIDING AROUND CORNERS FOR?

KEEP YOUR VOICE DOWN AND LISTEN, YOU NUT! HAVEN'T YOU MORE SENSE THAN TO GO AROUND YAPPING HOW YOU'RE GOING TO TELL ALL ABOUT THE BIG MAN? YOUR LIFE WON'T BE WORTH ANYTHING IF THE *ENFORCERS* FIND OUT!

THANKS FOR THE WARNING, FLASH! I DIDN'T KNOW YOU CARED!

BUT FLASH'S WARNING HAS COME TOO LATE! FOR NEWS TRAVELS FAST-- ESPECIALLY NEWS ABOUT THE *BIG MAN*...

SO! THAT KID PARKER KNOWS WHO THE *BIG MAN IS*, HUH? THE ENFORCERS OUGHT TO PAY *PLENTY* FOR THAT TIP!

AND, WITHIN MINUTES...

THAT'S RIGHT, BOSS! THIS KID PARKER IS TELLING EVERYONE HE KNOWS WHO YOU ARE! AND HE'S GOING TO THE POLICE WITH THE INFORMATION!

PETER PARKER? HOW DID *HE* FIND OUT?!

YOU MEAN YOU *KNOW* HIM, BOSS?

OF COURSE I KNOW HIM! DON'T STAND HERE ASKING FOOL QUESTIONS! GO GET HIM!

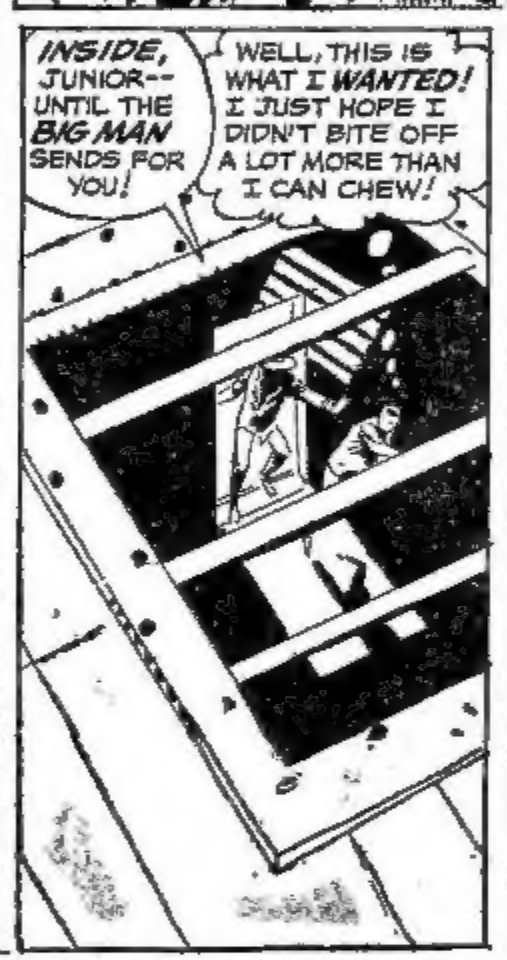
AND, AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS--
WE JUST GOT A CALL FROM SPIDER-MAN! SAYS WE SHOULD BE ON THE ALERT TONIGHT FOR A SIGNAL FROM HIM! HE'S GOING AFTER THE ENFORCERS!
BETTER ALERT ALL UNITS! THERE MUST BE SOMETHING WRONG!
POLIC

LATER, AS PETER WANDERS THROUGH THE LONELIEST PARTS OF THE CITY...
INTO THE CAR, BIG MOUTH! YOU'RE GOING FOR A LITTLE RIDE!
MY PLAN WORKED! I'VE JUST GOT TO HOPE THAT THEY TAKE ME TO THE BIG MAN BEFORE TRYING TO SILENCE ME!

SO YOU KNOW WHO THE BIG MAN IS, EH? WELL, WISE GUY--HE KNOWS YOU--AND HE WANTS TO HAVE A LITTLE VISIT WITH YOU!
THE BIG MAN KNOWS ME!! CAN IT BE THAT MY HUNCH WAS RIGHT--ABOUT J. JONAH JAMESON??

BUT IT CAN'T BE! I KNOW HE'S SELFISH--STINGY--AND HOT-TEMPERED! HE'S JEALOUS OF SPIDER-MAN--AND OF ANYONE WHO'S MORE GLAMOROUS THAN HE IS! BUT WHY SHOULD HE TURN TO CRIME??

FINALLY, THE ENFORCERS' CAR REACHES A LARGE INDOOR CAR PARK...
HERE WE ARE, BRIGHT EYES! NO HARM SHOWING YOU OUR HEAD-QUARTERS--IT'S THE LAST THING YOU'RE EVER GOING TO SEE!


INSIDE, JUNIOR--UNTIL THE BIG MAN SENDS FOR YOU!
WELL, THIS IS WHAT I WANTED! I JUST HOPE I DIDN'T BITE OFF A LOT MORE THAN I CAN CHEW!

ALONE IN THE ROOM, PETER STRIPS OFF HIS OUTER CLOTHES, AND THEN...
PETER PARKER COULD NEVER REACH THAT AIR VENT IN THE CEILING--BUT FOR SPIDER-MAN, IT'LL BE A BREEZE!

COME ON, SPIDER STRENGTH!! JUST A LITTLE MORE OOMPH NOW! AHH, I'M GETTING IT!

AND, JUST ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WALL...
ALL THE RACKET BOSSES IN THE CITY ARE HERE FOR THIS WEEK'S NEW ORDERS, BOSS!
GOOD! THE POLICE ARE BEGINNING TO CATCH TOO MANY OF OUR UNDERLINGS--SO I HAVE SOME PLANS FOR NEW PRECAUTIONS FOR US TO TAKE!

WOW! I'VE STUMBLED ONTO SOMETHING BIG! EVERY TOP MOBSTER IN THE CITY SEEMS TO BE DOWN THERE! TOO MANY FOR EVEN SPIDER-MAN TO HANDLE! I'D BETTER ALERT THE POLICE!

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH ME! I WAS SO INTENT ON WHAT I SAW THAT I DIDN'T HEED THE SILENT TINGLE OF MY SPIDER SENSE!
BIG MAN! UP HERE--I JUST CAUGHT A SPY! SPIDER-MAN!

AFTER HIM-- ALL OF YOU! HE MUST NOT ESCAPE! GET HIM!
DON'T BE SUCH AN EAGER BEAVER, BIG MAN! I'M NOT GOING ANYWHERE!

NO NEED TO RUSH, BOYS! TAKE YOUR TIME! I'LL SEE THAT YOU ALL GET WHAT'S COMING TO YOU!
WHAM!
SOK!

TOO MANY GATHERING AROUND ME! THEY'LL PULL ME DOWN BY SHEER WEIGHT OF NUMBERS!
I'M GETTING BORED, GROUP! HOW ABOUT A CHANGE OF SCENE! HERE WE GO!

SAY! I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO DRIVE ONE OF THESE SPORTS CARS!!
HOLD IT, BOYS! I'M MAKING THIS TRIP ALONE!
THUNK!
BOP!

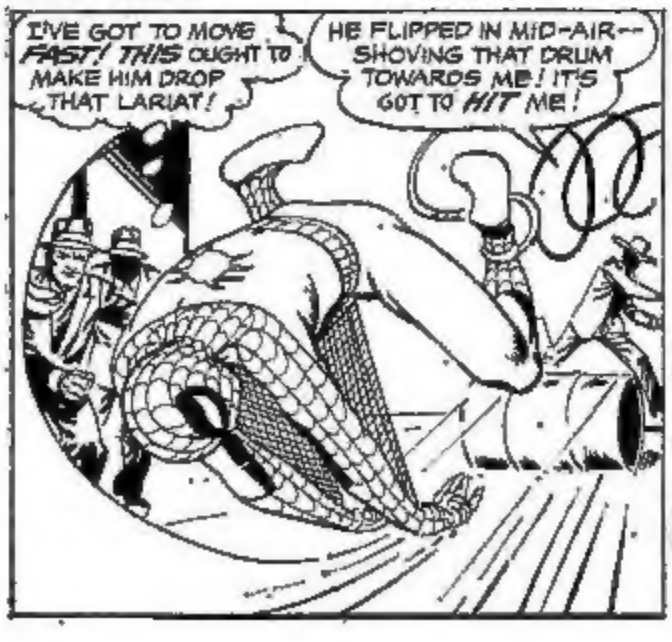
ATTA BOY, OX! GRAB THE BUMPER! NOW LIFT! HIGHER-- GOOD!
OH WELL-- I PREFER A FOUR-SPEED GEAR-BOX, ANYWAY!
THAT LITTLE MAN ISN'T GOING ANY-WHERE IF I CAN HELP IT! NOBODY'S STRONGER THAN THE OX!

NICE TRY, PLAYMATES! I'LL GIVE YOU AN "A" FOR EFFORT!
WISH I FELT AS CONFIDENT AS I'M TRYING TO SOUND! I'VE GOT TO FIND A WAY OUT OF THIS PLACE!

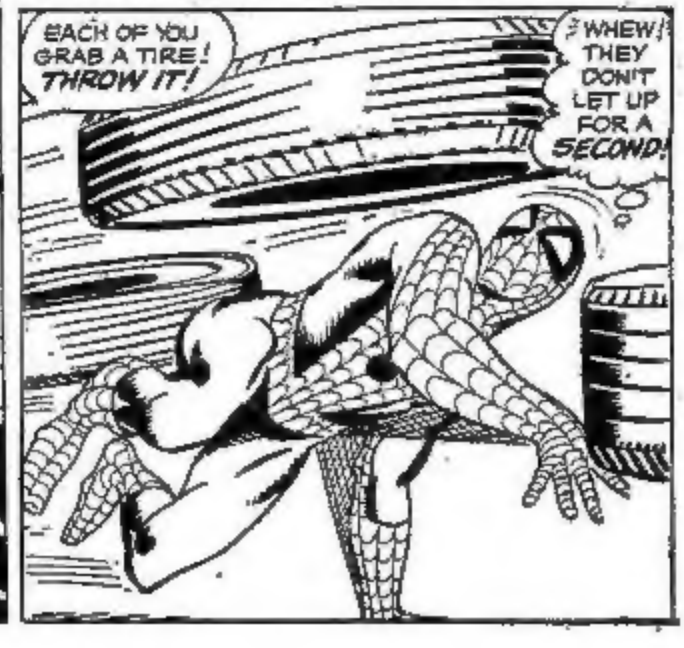
UH OH! THE BIG MAN'S TRYING TO SLOW ME DOWN BY ROLLING OIL DRUMS DOWN THE RAMP AT ME!
I STOPPED HIM FOR YOU, YOU CLUMSY OAFS! NOW GET HIM!

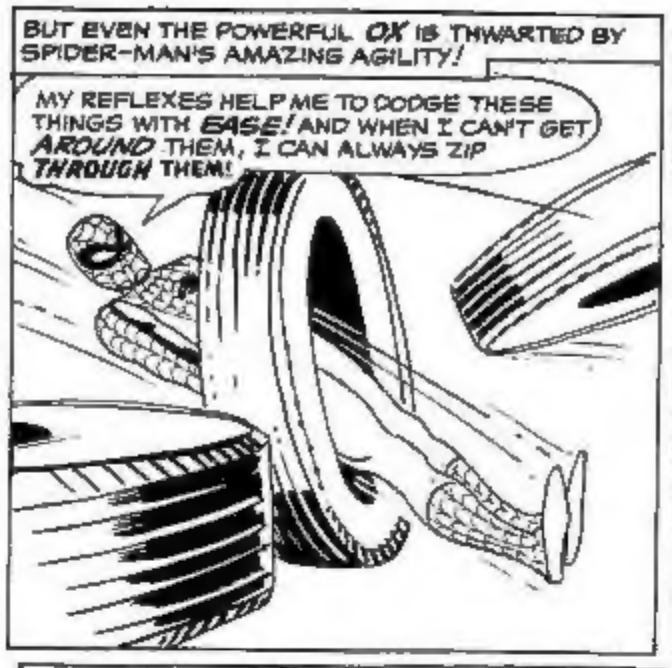
MUCH OBLIGED, BIG MAN! THESE DRUMS ARE JUST WHAT I NEEDED!
MY SPIDER ABILITY CAN KEEP ME BALANCED WELL ENOUGH TO "RIDE" ONE OF THEM RIGHT THROUGH YOUR BULLY BOYS!

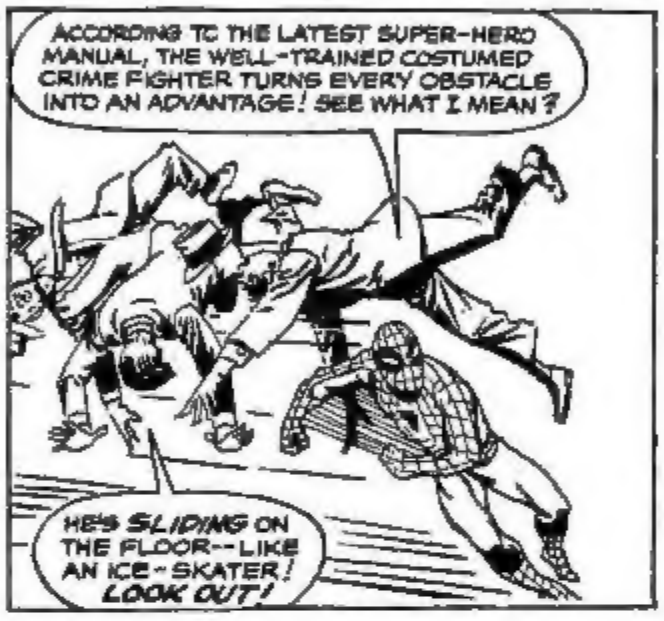
YOUR OVERCONFIDENCE WILL BE YOUR UNDOING, SPIDER-MAN! LASSO HIM, MONTANA!
I HEAR YOU TALKIN', BOSS!
UH OH! I FORGOT 'ABOUT HIM!


I'VE GOT TO MOVE FAST! THIS OUGHT TO MAKE HIM DROP THAT LARIAT!
HE FLIPPED IN MID-AIR-- SHOVING THAT DRUM TOWARDS ME! IT'S GOT TO HIT ME!

SO FAR, SO GOOD! BUT I'VE GOT TO USE MY WEB FLUID CAREFULLY! THEY'RE NOT GOING TO STOP TO GIVE ME TIME TO RELOAD!
THWAP!


EACH OF YOU GRAB A TIRE! THROW IT!
WHEW! THEY DON'T LET UP FOR A SECOND!





IN THE NORMAL WAY OLD SPIDEY COULD TAKE ON THIS LITTLE LOT WITH ONE HAND BEHIND HIS BACK AND ONE FOOT IN HIS TROUSER POCKET! BUT AFTER THAT BLOOD TRANSFUSION HE GAVE TO AUNT MAY? WE'LL JUST HAVE TO WAIT AND SEE!

Explore the ocean's murky depths with Action Man Deep Sea Diver...

he actually dives, surfaces, and blows air bubbles!

You'll have real fun and excitement with Action Man Sailor's great new Deep Sea Diver equipment set. Exploring the ocean's murky depths. Fighting giant squids. Outwitting enemy frogmen. Searching for sunken ships. Action Man Deep Sea Diver actually dives, surfaces, and blows air bubbles at your command! With waterproof white fabric suit, diving helmet, weighted boots and belt, gloves, sledge hammer, oxygen pump and hose, buoy, knife and scabbard, rope, and underwater compass.

Clear dangerous minefields with this Action Man Mine Detector that really works!

New for Action Man Soldier, this working electric Mine Detector set that operates on a 1½v U7 battery (not included). When Action Man gets close to any one of the three plate mines included a red warning light flashes on and off!

PALITOY ACTION man

TOY OF THE YEAR N·A·T·R

palitoy

BXL Toy Division, Owen Street, Coalville, Leics.

Kicks

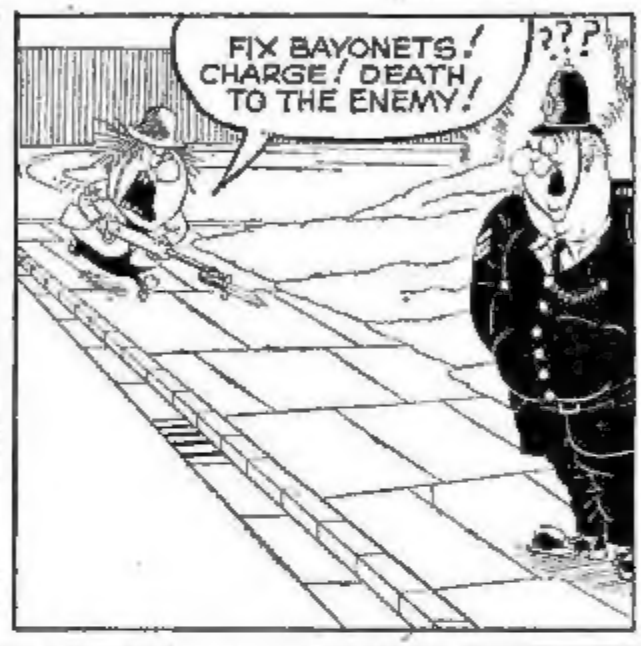
BAH! WE KIDS NEVER HAVE ANY FUN—IT'S THE GROWN-UPS WHO GET ALL THE KICKS!

JOIN THE ARMY AND SEE THE WORLD!
COR! THAT'S THE LIFE FOR ME! I'D LOVE TO SEE THE WORLD!

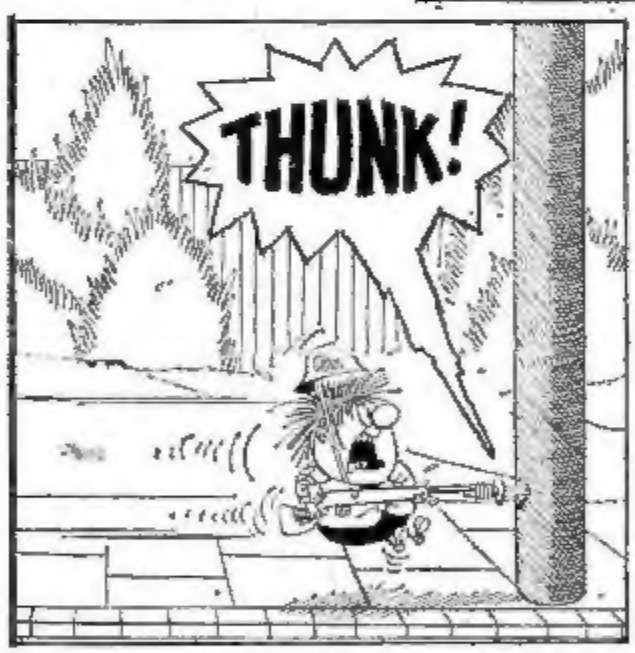
FUNNY GUY—HOP IT! IT'S MEN WE NEED —NOT MICE!
GRR! WHAT DID I TELL YOU? IT'S FOR GROWN-UPS ONLY!

HUH! I'LL SHOW THEM—I'LL FORM ME OWN BLINKING ARMY!

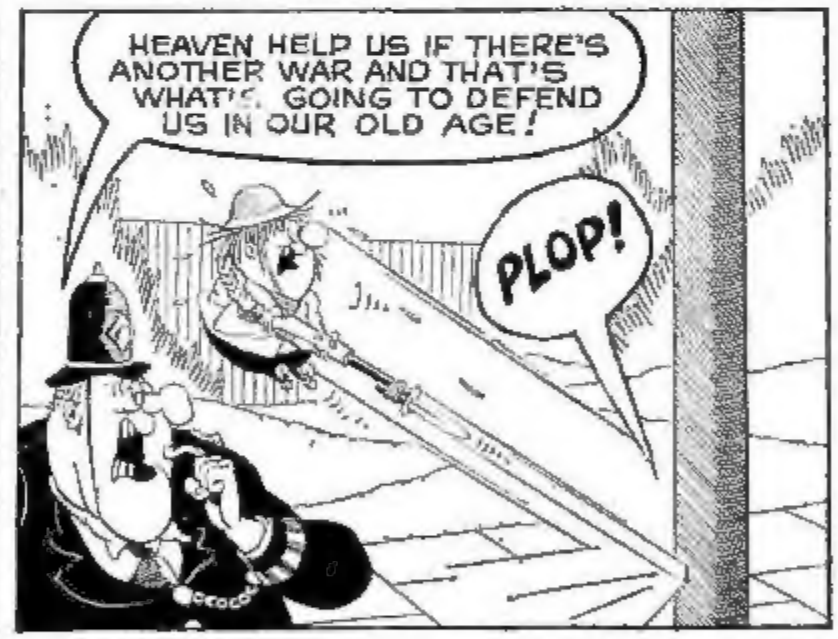
HEH! HEH! AND THE LOCAL COPS DECLARED WAR ON ME WHEN THEY CONFISCATED ME CATTY YESTERDAY!


FIX BAYONETS! CHARGE! DEATH TO THE ENEMY!
???

IT'S A GOOD THING KICKS WASN'T OUR ONLY HOPE IN THE LAST WAR!
AAGH! THE ENEMY'S USING EVASIVE TACTICS!


THUNK!

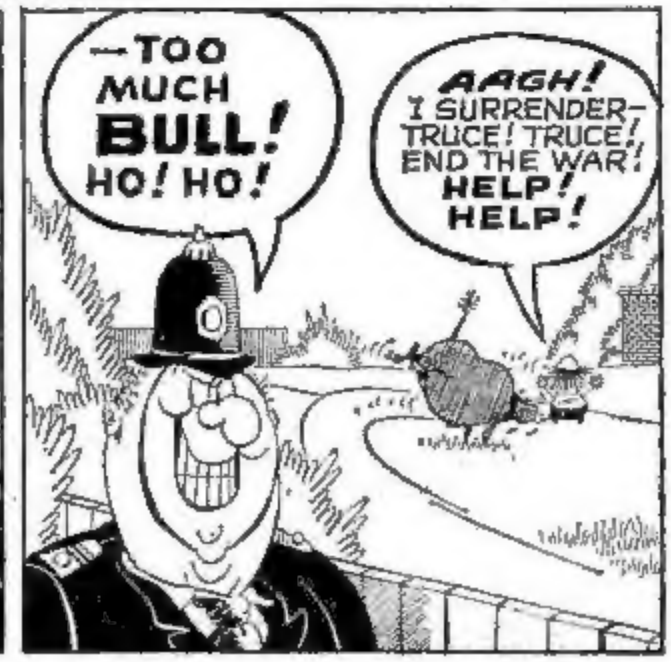
WAA-AAH! IT'S STUCK! COME OUT, YOU ROTTEN BAYONET! THE WAR ISN'T OVER YET!


HEAVEN HELP US IF THERE'S ANOTHER WAR AND THAT'S WHAT'S GOING TO DEFEND US IN OUR OLD AGE!
PLOP!

SPLAT!
LOOKS LIKE CORPORAL KICKS IS GOING INTO THE FIELD!
HELP!

AAGH! HELP!!! CALL IT OFF!

I DON'T THINK KICKS IS GOING TO ENJOY THE ARMY—


—TOO MUCH BULL! HO! HO!
AAGH! I SURRENDER—TRUCE! TRUCE! END THE WAR! HELP! HELP!

TNT TIM AND HIS NEW WAYFINDERS ADVENTURE BOOTS

A GIGANTIC FOX HAS BEEN TERRORISING THE COUNTRYSIDE... AND THEN ONE DAY....

TIM CONSULTS THE ANIMAL TRACKS ON THE SOLES OF HIS NEW WAYFINDERS, AND AT ONCE PICKS UP THE TRAIL.

THESE ARE FOX TRACKS ALL RIGHT!

GUIDED BY HIS 'WAYFINDERS BOOTS, TIM TRAILS THE FOX DEEP INTO THE WOODS!

MEANWHILE AT THE FOX'S DEN...

THE VICIOUS BEAST IS ABOUT TO POUNCE... WHEN SUDDENLY...

OH NO YOU DON'T!

WITH A BLOOD—CURDLING SNARL—THE FOX SPRINGS AT TIM.....

GET A MOUTHFUL OF THAT!

THE STURDY LEATHER OF HIS WAYFINDERS PROTECTS TIM'S ANKLES.. AND THE FOX CRAWLS AWAY WITH AN ACHING JAW!

NOW TO GET BACK—THE COMPASS IN THE POUCH ON MY WAYFINDERS WILL GUIDE ME.

LATER

DON'T THANK ME. THANK MY NEW WAYFINDERS BOOTS I COULDN'T HAVE DONE IT WITHOUT THEM.

HOW CAN I EVER THANK YOU?

NEW

WAYFINDERS BOOTS

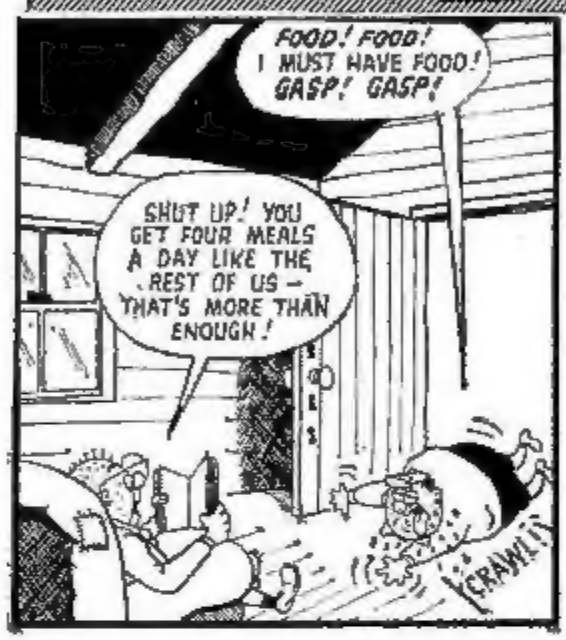
ARE BUILT FOR THE TOUGH ADVENTUROUS LIFE

New Wayfinders Boots available in tan or black cost from just 49 11d. They've got a six month's guarantee. And they are fully approved for Scouts and Cubs. They're in the shops now, so get yours - today!

WAYFINDERS 151 OXFORD ST., LONDON W1

THE GROUP

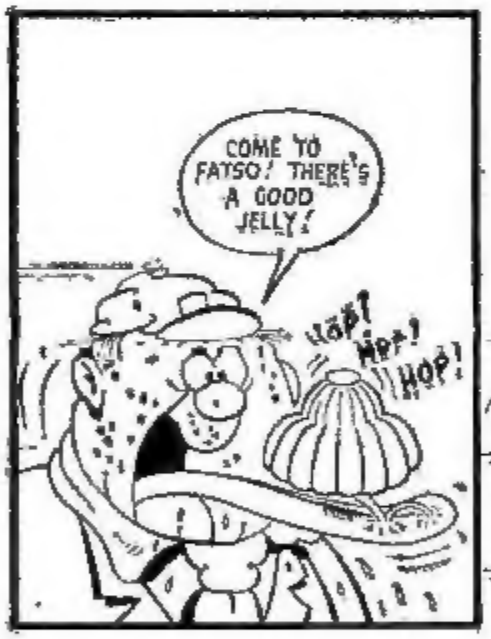
BRAIN
LUVVY
FATSO
STUPID
SHRIMP
RINGO


FOOD! FOOD! I MUST HAVE FOOD! GASP! GASP!
SHUT UP! YOU GET FOUR MEALS A DAY LIKE THE REST OF US — THAT'S MORE THAN ENOUGH!
CRAWL!

FOOD! I MUST HAVE FOOD! GASP!
QUIVER!

HEH! HEH! HEH! FOOD! FOOD!
?
SNATCH!

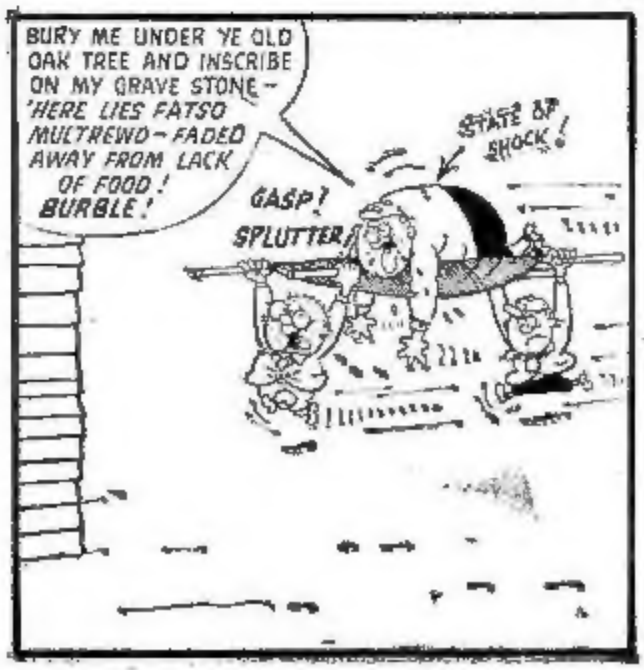
AAGH! STOP THIEF! FATSO'S PINCHED TOMORROW'S BREAKFAST!
ZOOM!


COME TO FATSO! THERE'S A GOOD JELLY!
HOP! HOP! HOP!

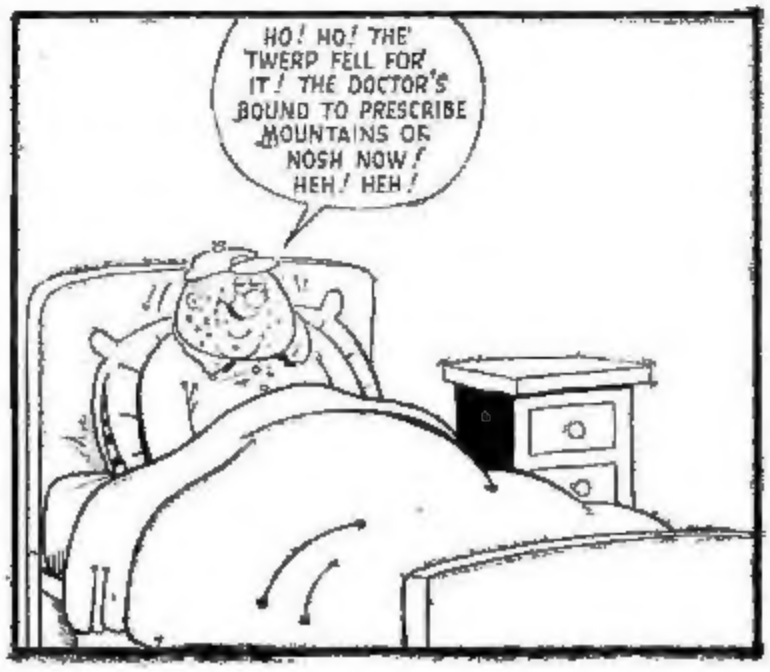
AAGH! COME BACK! WH-WHAT'S HAPPENING?
THUNDER!

HEH! HEH! TOO LATE, FATSO! YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE SUCH A LONG TONGUE!
CHOKE!
SUCK!
WAA-AAH! ROTTERS! I'M DYING OF HUNGER! I'M FADING AWAY!

I'M ALL DIZZY! IT'S THE LACK OF FOOD! I'M SEEING SPOTS BEFORE ME EYES! I'M DONE FOR!
COO! HE REALLY DOES LOOK ILL!
MAYBE HE IS STARVING! GULP!


BURY ME UNDER YE OLD OAK TREE AND INSCRIBE ON MY GRAVE STONE — 'HERE LIES FATSO MULTREWD — FADED AWAY FROM LACK OF FOOD! BURBLE!
STATE OF SHOCK!
GASP! SPLUTTER

BE BRAVE, FATSO OLD PAL — I'LL FETCH THE DOCTOR AT THE DOUBLE!


HO! HO! THE TWERP FELL FOR IT! THE DOCTOR'S BOUND TO PRESCRIBE MOUNTAINS OF NOSH NOW! HEH! HEH!

I'LL SEE HOW POOR FATSO IS DOING! IT'S ALL OUR FAULT!

FOOD! FOOD! I MUST HAVE FOOD!

AAGH!

WAA-AAH! HURRY THE DOCTOR UP — BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!

ZOOM!

HEH! HEH! I'VE REALLY GOT THEM MOVING NOW! THEY'LL DO ANYTHING THE DOC SAYS!

SNIGGER! SNIGGER!

NOW THEN MY BOY — WHAT SEEMS TO BE YOUR TROUBLE?

DOC

M'MM! YES! COO! TCH! AHA! H'MM!

MOAN! GROAN!

NOTHING WRONG WITH YOU, MY LAD! YOU JUST EAT TOO MUCH — THAT'S YOUR TROUBLE! TAKE THIS AFTER YOUR MEALS!

OH, NO!

HEH! HEH! THAT MIXTURE WILL DO THAT FAT FREAK A POWER OF GOOD! HEE! HEE!

CHORTLE! CHORTLE!

TAKE 4 TIMES A DAY AFTER MEALS

BOO-HOO! THIS AIN'T MOUNTAINS OF NOSH — DIRTY ROTTEN DOCTOR! WAIL! HOWL!

COO! FOUR TIMES A DAY, EH? THINGS ARE LOOKING UP!

TAKE 4 TIMES A DAY AFTER MEALS

HEH! HEH! THIS MIGHT JUST DO IT!

TAKE 4 TIMES A DAY AFTER MEALS

HELP! HE'S TO HAVE THIS STUFF **FORTY FOUR** TIMES A DAY AFTER MEALS — THAT MEANS FORTY FOUR MEALS — FATTY *MUST* BE DYING OF HUNGER!

MOAN! GROAN!

FELLAHS! FELLAHS! WE'LL NEED LOADS OF GRUB AT THE DOUBLE!

MEAL NUMBER TWENTY-THREE COMING UP AND HE HASN'T FINISHED NUMBER FIFTEEN YET! GASP!

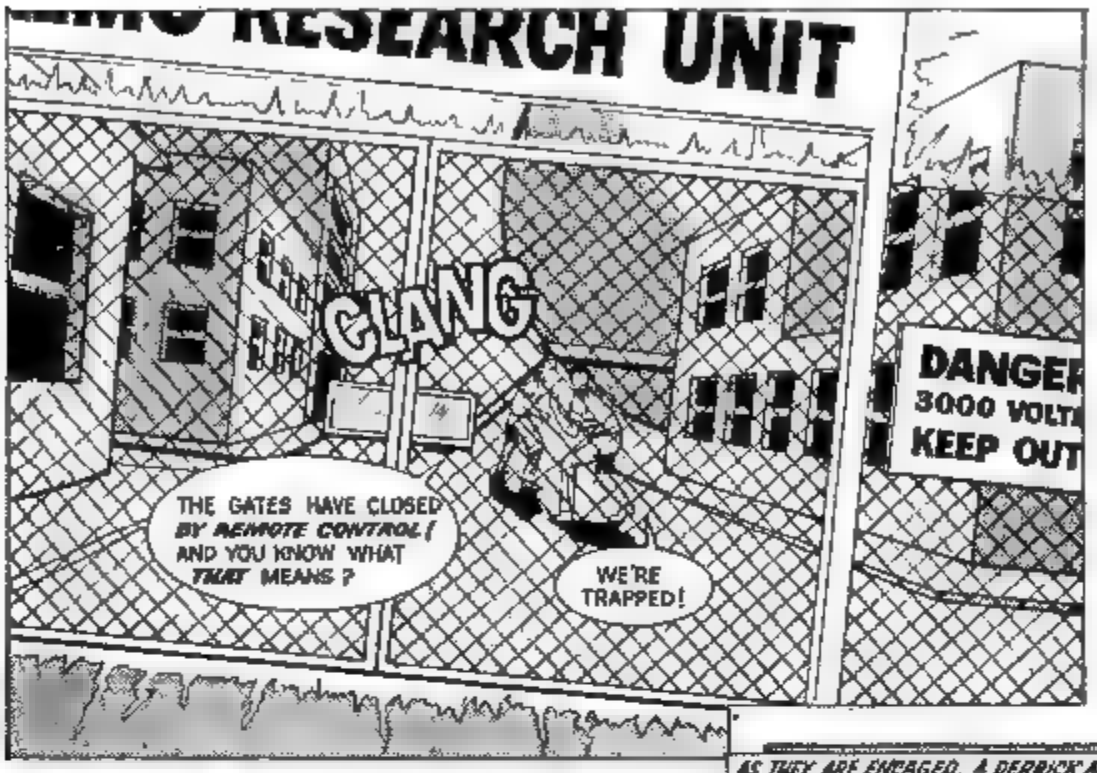
HEH! HEH! DON'T GO AWAY! JUST PUT IT DOWN SOMEWHERE! CHOMP! CHOMP!

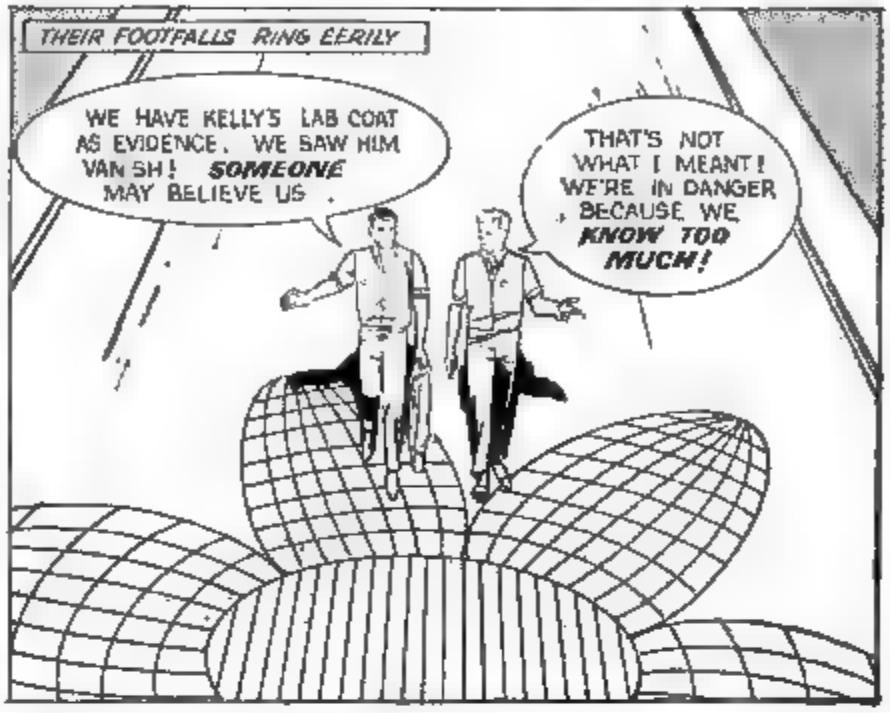
MUNCH! MUNCH!

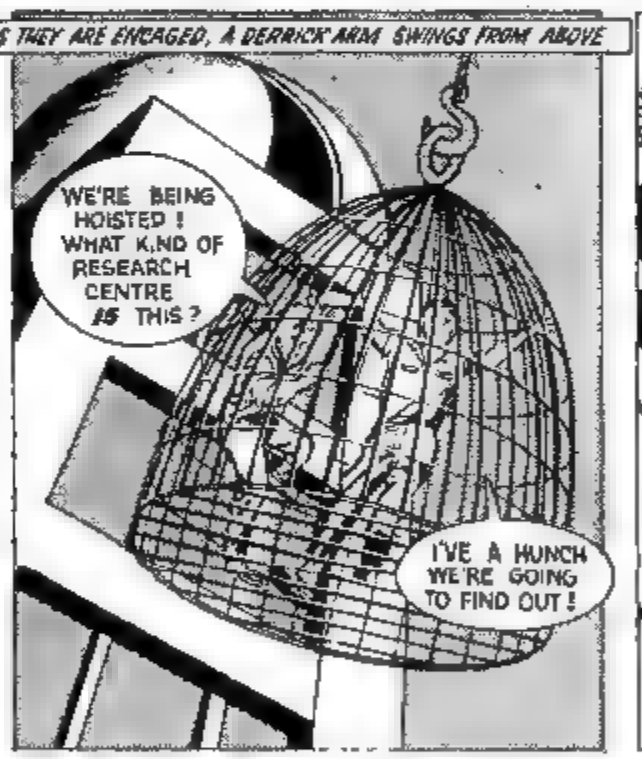
YOU KNOW — I THINK WE'VE BEEN HAD SOMEHOW!

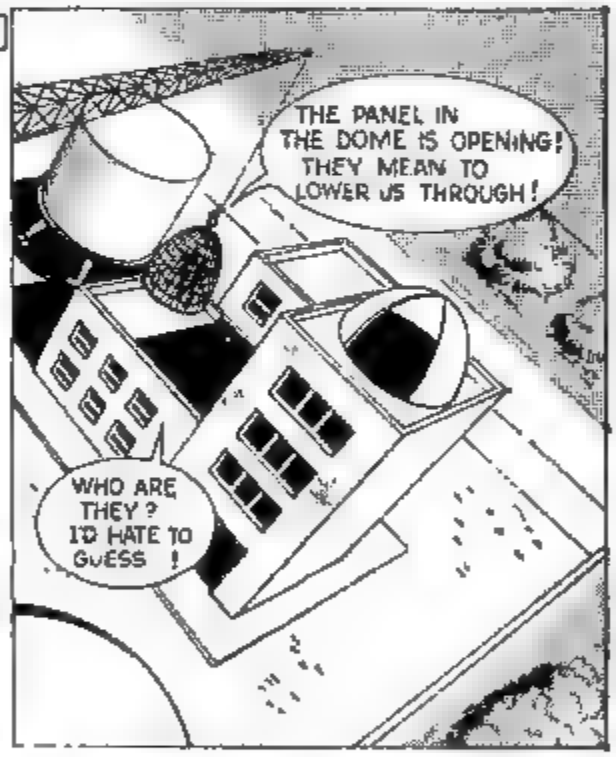
ADVENTURERS DON MASON AND VIC DAWES, TRAVELLING IN THEIR FANTASTIC PYTHON MACHINE, REACH A COASTAL REGION OF AMERICA. FRIGHTENING, UNACCOUNTABLE THINGS HAPPEN, AND A SCIENTIST NAMED KELLY VANISHES IN THE GRASP OF ARMOURED KNIGHTS. LEAVING THE PYTHON, MASON AND DAWES ENTER THE ALMO RESEARCH STATION AT WHICH KELLY WORKED...

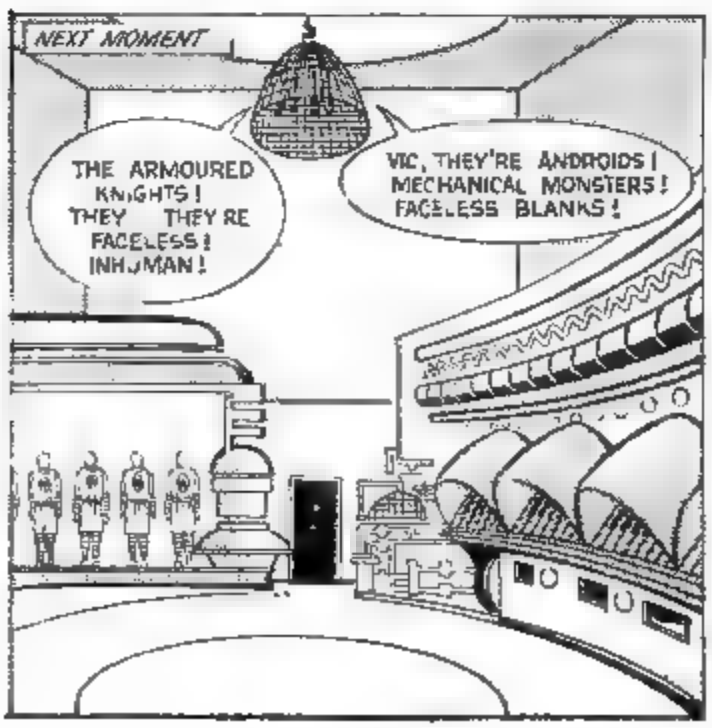
THE PYTHON











POWER CRACKLES AND A BLAZE OF LIGHT RADIATES BLINDINGLY

WATCH THEM TAKE LIFE! WATCH MY MECHANICAL MONSTERS AS THEIR FACES MATERIALISE!

FACE AFTER FACE BECOMES THE SAME!

THEY'RE ALL LIKE KELLY! VIC, IT'S LIKE SOME NIGHTMARE PRODUCTION PLANT..... A FACTORY OF FAKES!

THE TERRIFYING TRUTH DAWNS...

THE GOVERNMENT STATION HAS BEEN TAKEN OVER... ALL THE GUARDS.. THEY'RE ANDROIDS! MODELS OF HUMANS WHO HAVE VANISHED!

AND THIS IS ONLY THE START! I WANT THE PYTHON!

MASON FIRES...

BANG BANG

KEEP WANTING!

THAT IS UNLIKELY! FORGET THE GUN .... AND START USING YOUR MEMORY.....

THE CAGE SWINGS LOWER...

ACID! BOILING ACID, DEAR HUMANOIDS! NOW, WHERE HAVE YOU HIDDEN THE PYTHON? OR MUST I ENCOURAGE YOU TO THINK?

VIC, HE. HE'S LOWERING US TO THE ACID VAT! BRING THE PYTHON! HOME IT TO RESCUE US... IF THERE'S STILL TIME!

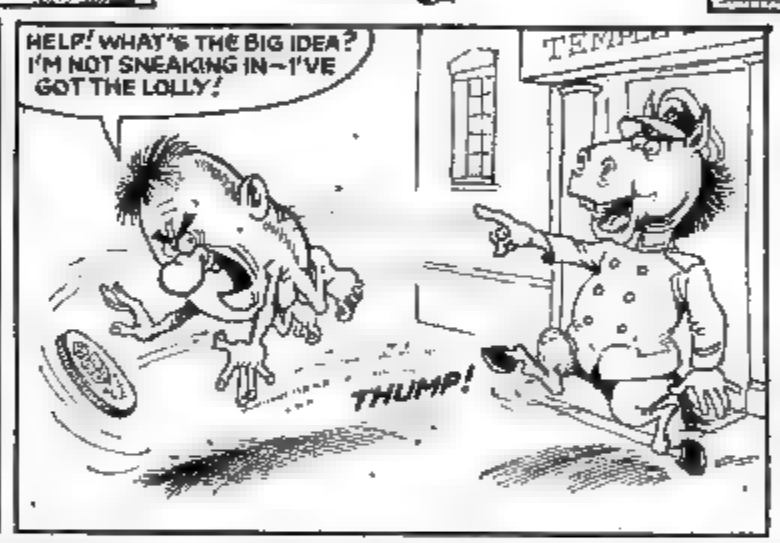
LESS THAN HALF A MILE AWAY WHAT SEEMS TO BE A TREE. WITHDRAWS ITS FOLIAGE: THE CAMOUFLAGED PYTHON VIBRATES WITH MECHANICAL POWER.

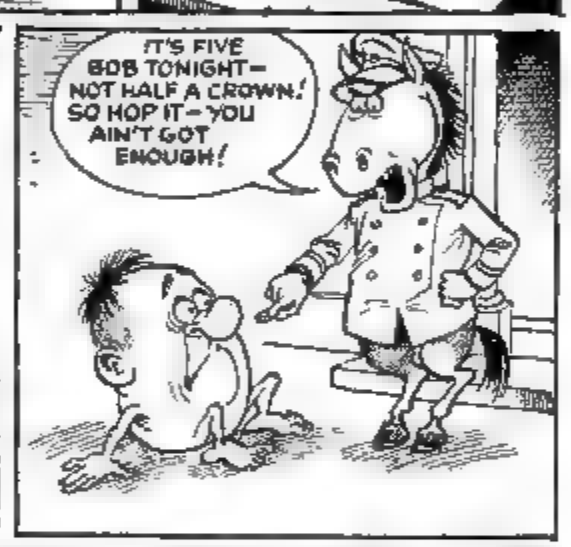
MEANWHILE, AT THE RESEARCH STATION, LIGHTS FLASH BLINDINGLY, AND...

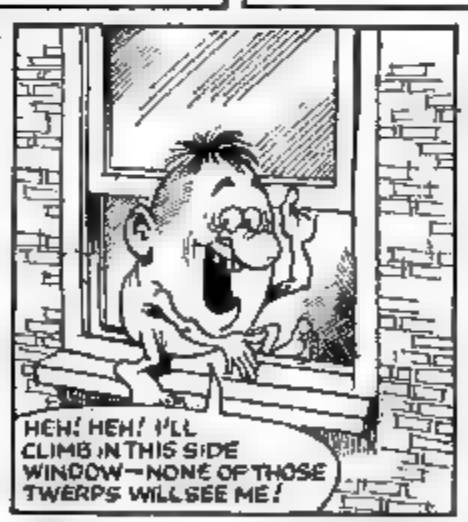
AAAAAAAAAAH!

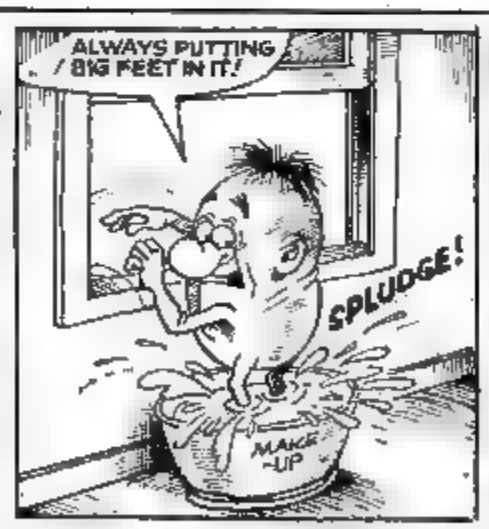
THE CAGE IS PLUNGING TOWARDS THE BUBBLING ACID! DON'T MISS WHAT HAPPENS—NEXT WEEK!

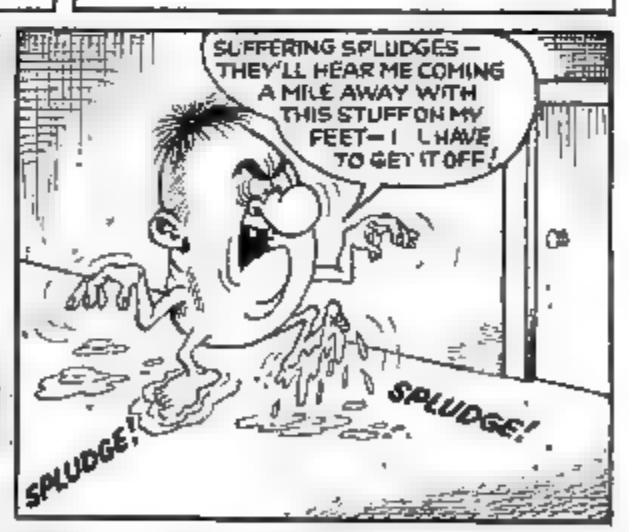
NOBBY'S NIGHT MARES

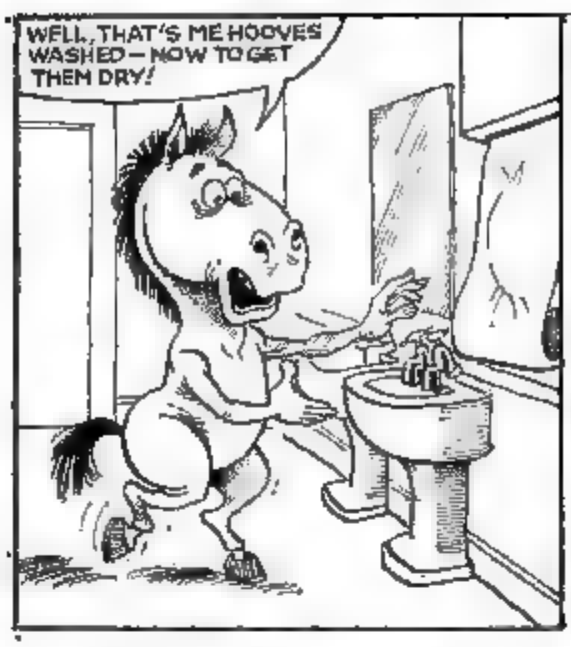











WELL, THAT'S ME HOOVES WASHED – NOW TO GET THEM DRY!

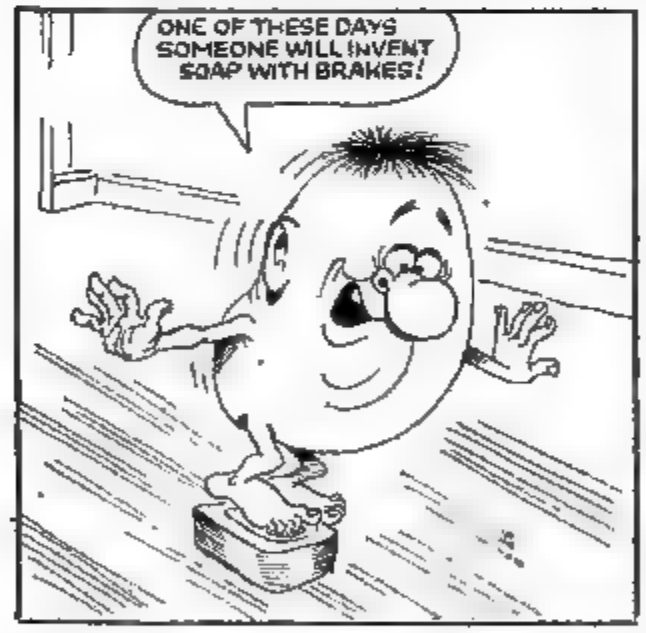
MY JINGO! THIS TOWEL'S A BIT LUMPY!

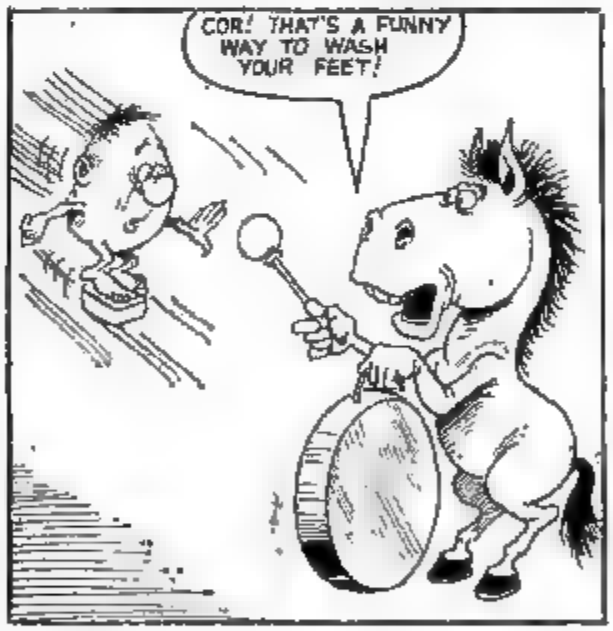
GASP! IT'S FREDDIE FOOT-BOD – THE LITTLE TWERP MUST HAVE SNEAKED IN WITHOUT PAYING!
ER – HOW DID YOU GUESS? GULP! GULP!

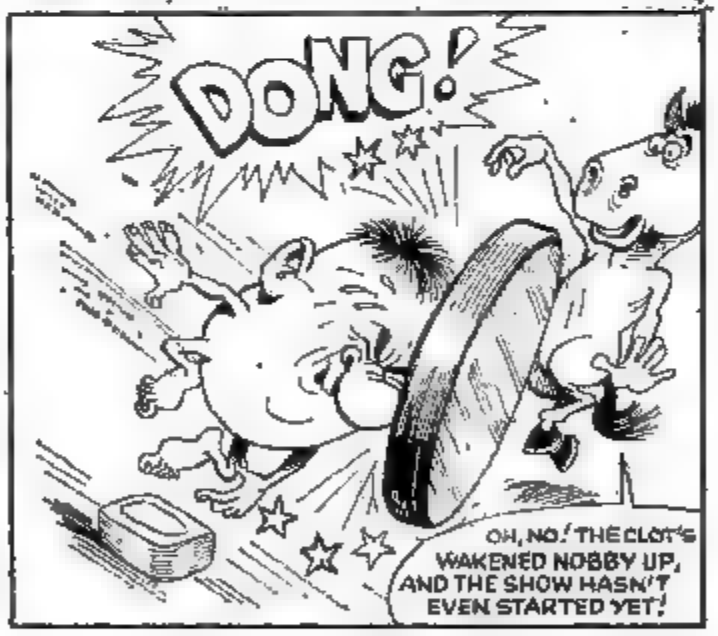
? ? ?
HELP! WHAT'S THE LITTLE TWERP DOING NOW?

WELL, NOW I KNOW!
TEMPLE THEATRE TOILET

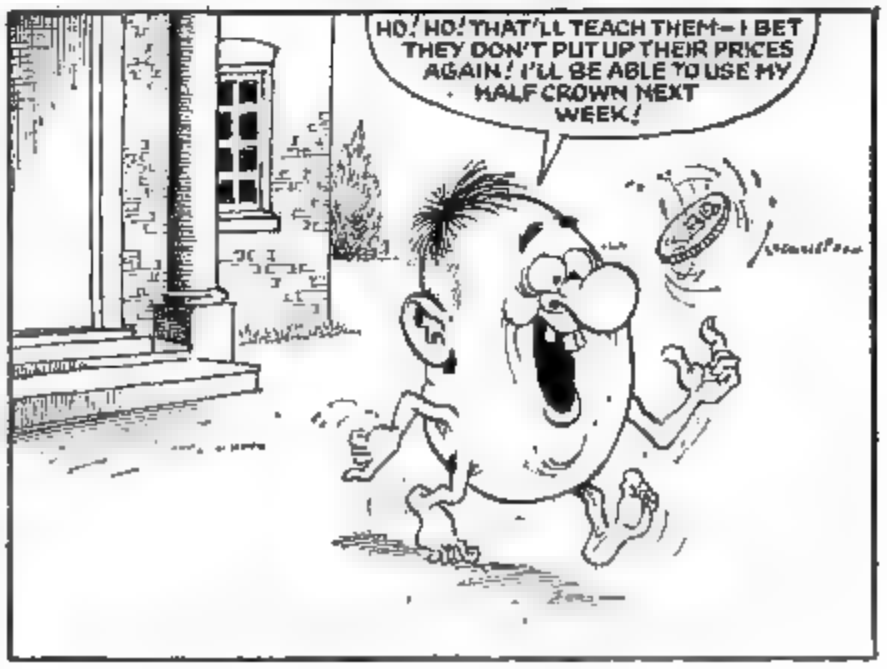
AAGH! HE MUST HAVE DROPPED THE SOAP!


ONE OF THESE DAYS SOMEONE WILL INVENT SOAP WITH BRAKES!


COR! THAT'S A FUNNY WAY TO WASH YOUR FEET!


DONG!
OH, NO! THE CLOT'S WAKENED NOBBY UP, AND THE SHOW HASN'T EVEN STARTED YET!

H'MM! THAT WAS A PLEASANT LITTLE NAP!
DONG!
I DON'T BELIEVE IT – NO NIGHTMARE!
THE FIRST TIME EVER!

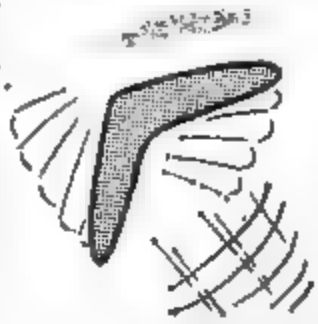

HO! HO! THAT'LL TEACH THEM – I BET THEY DON'T PUT UP THEIR PRICES AGAIN! I'LL BE ABLE TO USE MY HALF CROWN NEXT WEEK!

news from the floor of 64

64, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

COOOO-EEEEEE! Don't reach for those instant code-solvers, sports! That's just dinkum Aussie talk for YIIPPPEEEEE!

So, you may well ask, why this all-of-a-sudden down under pitch, hey? Well, casting aside all modesty (and that's something we up here in the power-pen seldom do! Right?) we're going to make like old stretcho Rubberman and give ourselves a patter of pats on the back. The reason for this unprecedented outburst of unhumility? All because . . . WE'VE DONE IT AGAIN! Too right, mates! From way out in the outback of cobber- and coolibah-land we've roped in none other than "Billabong" Bob Stelmack, master of breathless brushwork, peerless penster, Australian comic artist supreme. And he's camped right here in the garret! But, having told you this much, we're going to clamp down the security blanket on Operation Stelmack. We're not going to reveal exactly what he's working on. Only that behind the locked door of Bob's new "geniuses only" office something BIG is under way! A plot is being hatched! And to go with it a new, new SUPER-HERO, the like of whom you'll never have seen before! Will Bob pull off this masterpiece of colossal creation? When will it appear? We're not saying.



MEET TWENTY PROUD POWER-PACK PEOPLE

David Whitwell, Southend-on-Sea, Essex; Perry Isles, Saffron Walden, Essex; Colin Bail, Glamorgan, Wales; Joseph Moran, Clackmannanshire, Scotland; Melvyn Freer, Blaby, Leicester; Christopher Russell, Cheltenham, Glos.; Anthony Sansom, Chester, Cheshire; Paul Williams, Evesham, Worcs; Anita Tedder, Staines, Middx.; Pauline Horigan, Leeds 6, Yorks; Eamonn Whelan, Shornford, Leicester; Ewen Cameron, Billericay, Essex; Paul McMullen, Benson, Oxon; Frank Brewer, Mevagissey, Cornwall; Philip Allan, Whitby, Yorks; Bobbie Jones, Hockley, Essex; Leslie Ogilvie, East Kilbride, Glasgow, Amanda Smith, King's Lynn, Norfolk; Ann Raisin, Rayleigh, Essex, Renee Folkard, Palmers Green, London.

But if we were betting men, and if we were selfish enough to work for money, we'd lay our pay cheques that Bob Stelmack is soon to make one of the most vital contributions to comic-dom since Caxton dreamed up printing.

You know how it is. Some people (and that goes double for our office boy) never throw anything away. That's how it was we came across this back issue of the London Evening Standard and saw in bold, black headlines "POW! BRITISH SOLDIERS GO FOR COMICS!" Interested at once, we clipped on our pince-nez and delved into the smaller print. Said the spokesman for an organisation appealing for magazines for British soldiers overseas: ". . . although the soldiers are 18 upwards, the things they like best are comics!". Followed more of the same, and then: "We do not think it is unnatural in any sense" was quoted by an educationist. "You would probably find a fair number of 18 and 19-year-olds outside the army read comics also."

Well, for gosh sake, we were hardly bowled over or uplifted by this informational tit-bit. We knew that all along! Mind you, the Evening Standard didn't say which comics our soldiers liked best. But could be that headline contains just a little clue . . . right? Right!

* * *

Nothing magical about it, but in every bulging daily sack of power-fan mail we get there's always a goodly selection of letters from you frantic ones penning high-blown praise for Doctor Strange, our TERRIFIC-based maestro of the mystic arts. Doesn't surprise us at all, for the Doc's battles against the uncanny and the evil make just about the most way-out, weird and downright imaginative pic-stories of all time! And still on the subject of magic, we garreteers truly believe that mad medieval Merlin's blazing book-length duel with mighty Thor is an out-and-out comic book classic. It's appearing, right now, in this week's issue of FANTASTIC.

POW! WOW!

POW!
64 LONG ACRE,
LONDON, W.C. 2

WRITE TO POW NOW, AND IF WE PUBLISH YOUR LETTER YOU WIN A SPIDEY T-SHIRT!

Dear Alf and Bart,

I get POW every week, I also get all your other super comics and enjoy them a lot. What I am about to say I am sure nobody has ever said or done! At school I have five particular friends and we and my sister have given ourselves special names. I am Ringo, because of my long hair, Andrew is Fatso, because he is the biggest, Roger is Brain, because he came the highest out of all of us in class, Martin is Shrimp, because he is small, Ann is Luvvy and poor old Graham is Stupid 'cause he's the only one left (he's not that clever anyway). We have some great adventures together!

P.S. Could you please ask Cos what Rubberman's real name is?

Joe Lappeaty,
London, N.4.

Don't tell us! You're fans of The Group! Right? As for Rubberman —his real name is Jim Hollis.

Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,

This is the second time I have written to you and I think that you have improved your comic quite a lot especially Spidey stories. But there is one catch—how come only Dare-a-day Davy is in colour? (apart from the cover that is). I wouldn't mind paying a few coppers extra if a few more pages of POW were in colour. Please consider my idea.

Stephen Olsen,
S. Shields, Co. Durham.

The cost of printing being what it is, it would cost more than just a few coppers for a few more pages in colour—and then you might not be able to afford any other Power Comics!

Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,

I am Lynda Swift of Shiremoor. I wrote in and said you printed your own letters. Well, what can I say except I'm truly sorry I ever said it. Please give my regards to your postman. Boy, he must really suffer some! Thank you for your letter, especially Bart, I've now got your autograph. I'll treasure it for ever!

Lynda Swift,
Shiremoor,
Northumberland.

Aw, shucks! And we'll treasure your words of wisdom.

Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,

When my younger brother got POW I was amazed. It was better than I thought. I was thinking that Spider-Man could never be beaten but when I saw POW No. 5, I proved myself wrong. Keep up the stories like St. Dominic's, Kicks and The Group. They are funny. Could I also congratulate you on your new TERRIFIC comic.

David Barjo,
Ibadon, Nigeria.

Of course ol' Spidey won in the end, it was just a matter of common Spider-sense.

Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,

I think your comic POW is fab. I'm afraid I started late, but when I had No. 6 I realized what I was missing. Why does Peter Parker have to pretend to be a weakling teenager? I mean who would suspect a normal teenager to be the amazing muscle-built Spider-Man?

James Landers,
London S.W.4.

We don't think many people would suspect him, James, but when you're as well known as ol' web-head you have to take every precaution to protect your identity.

Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,

I have been reading your paper ever since it came out and I think it is great. My brother says it is no good, but after I have read it it disappears and I always find it in his bedroom.

Maureen Kayes,
Brompton, Cumberland.

Typical, Maureen! But why don't you get your brother to buy POW for you? You know once you start reading it, it is nearly impossible to stop.

Alf and Bart.

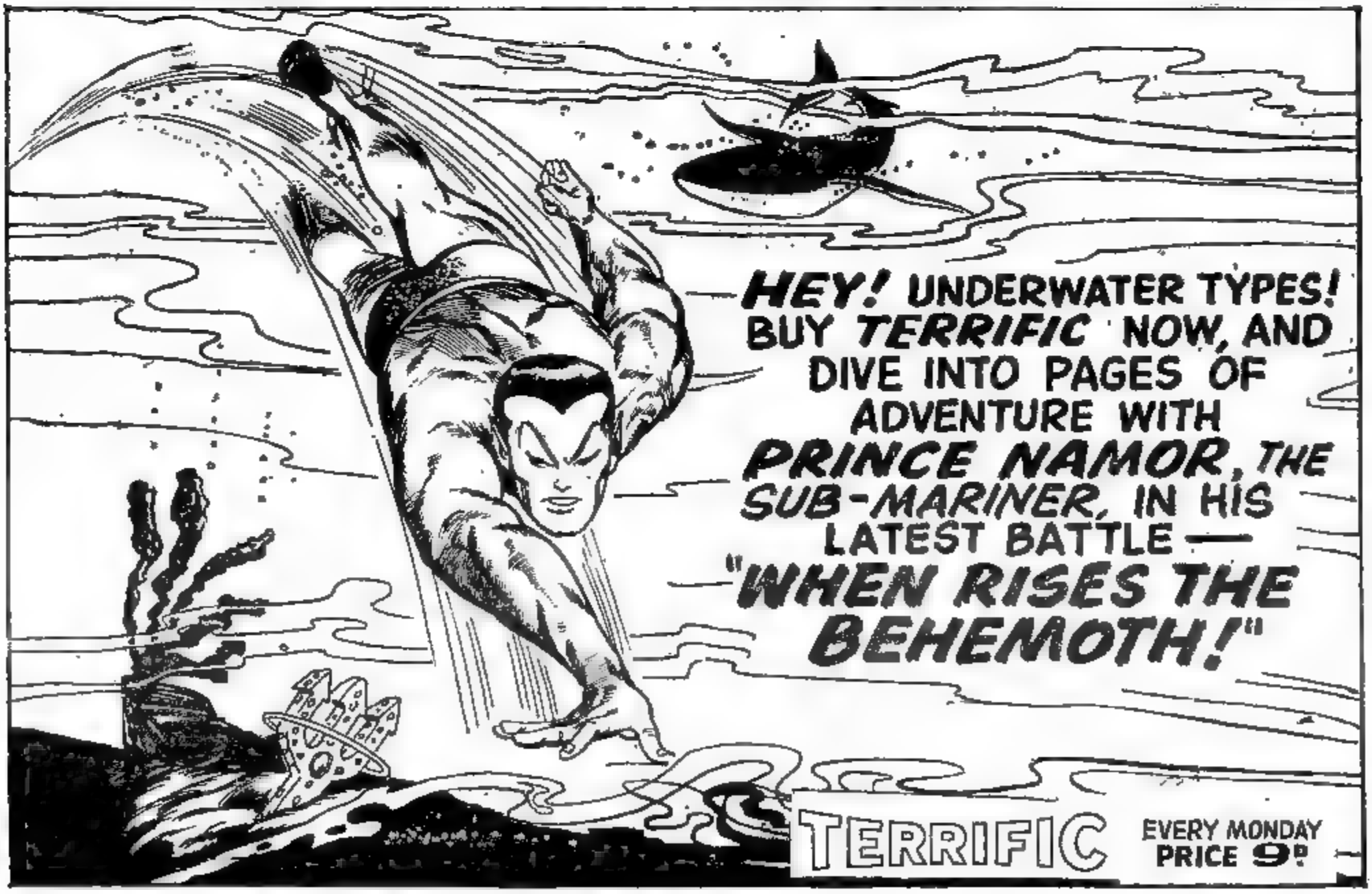
Dear Alf and Bart,

Recently, I picked up a certain newspaper and decided to look at the cartoons. On one cartoon it said 'Big, Bart'. Has Bart turned now to be a cartoonist!

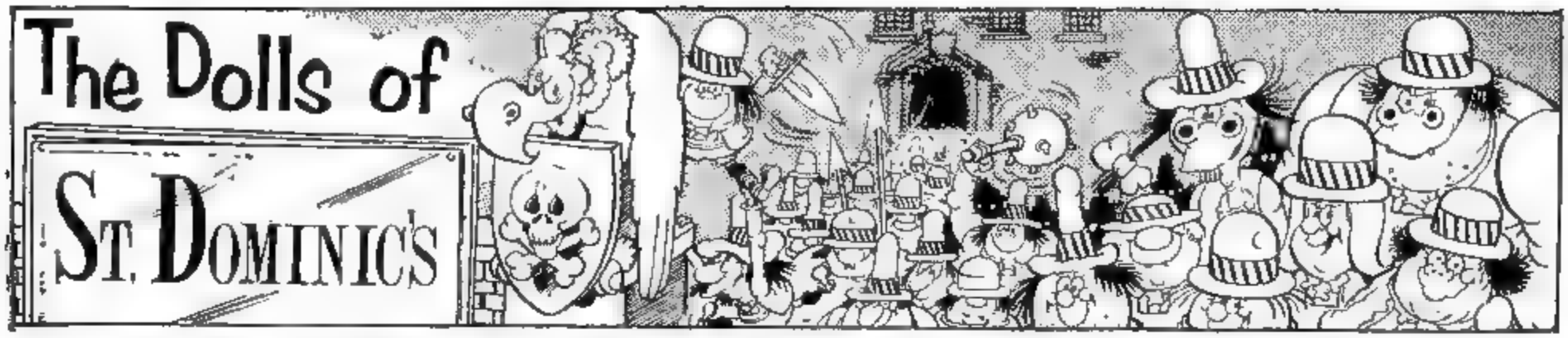
Stephen Payne,
Chester, Chestersh.

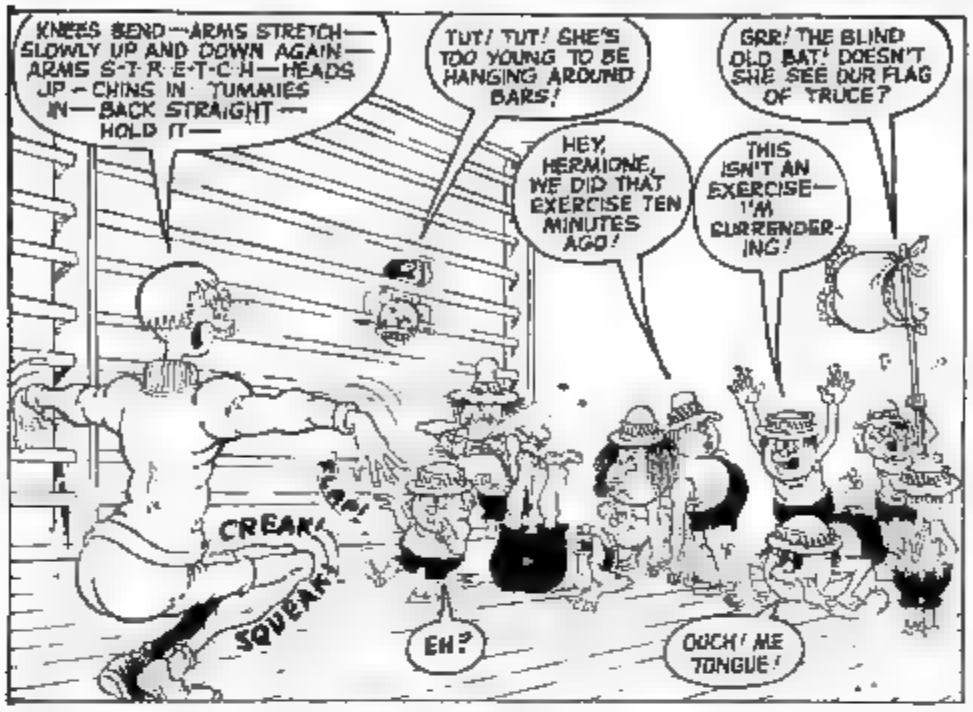
Not the same Bart, Stephen. But being something of a genius at most things (like all of us up here in the pen) it wouldn't surprise us at all if Bart was to turn artist—provided he could find the time for providing Power comics.

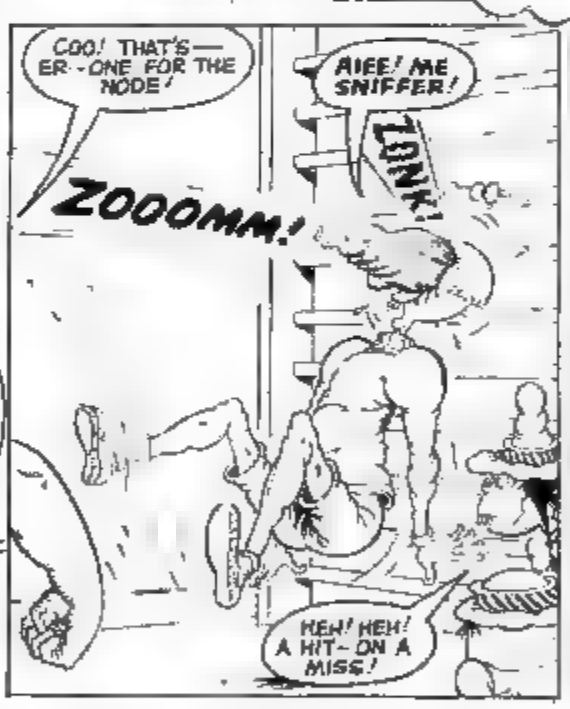
Alf and Bart.



The Dolls of St. Dominic's







PHEW! WHAT A STINK!
TAKE A SNIFF OF THIS, MISS—IT'LL EITHER CURE YOU OR BLOW YOUR HEAD OFF!
POWERFUL PONG
SMELLING SALTS

MAYBE I'D BETTER GIVE HER THE KISS OF LIFE!
HUH! WITH YOUR FACE, IT'D BE THE KISS OF DEATH!
HUH! SHE DIDN'T EVEN TWITCH! THIS STUFF MUST BE USELESS!
SMELLING SALTS

IT WAS ALL RIGHT THE LAST TIME I USED IT—THE SCHOOL CAT STILL HASN'T COME DOWN!
PEEP SNIFF!

ER—ULK!
COO—IT STILL WORKS—MISS FITT'S NOSE MUST HAVE BEEN STUFFED UP!
WHIZZ!

I SAY, OLD—MISS FITT'S COMING TO AGAIN! JOLLY GOOD SHOW!
W-WHAT HIT ME THIS TIME?
NOBBLE!

ER—IT'S—ER—M ME AGAIN, MISS!
ZAP!
YEROOW!

COO! LOOK AT THE TIME, GIRLS! IT'S TIME FOR OUR NEXT CLASS! WE'D BETTER TODDLE OFF!

WE CAN'T LEAVE POOR OLD MISS FITT LYING HERE!
YEAH! SOMEONE MIGHT TRIP OVER HER AND GET HURT! WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE HER WITH US!
SLITHER!
GLUB!

MEANWHILE, BACK IN THE CLASSROOM—
TEE! HEE! I'LL GET MY OWN BACK ON THE DOLLS TODAY! THEY'RE ALWAYS DOING THIS TO ME! REVENGE! HEH! HEH!
SECOND-HAND ROSE!

SLEEPING LIKE A BABY!
COO! DOESN'T SHE MAKE A GHASTLY BABY?
NO WONDER—LOOK AT THE "MOTHER"!
CORRECTION, MARIGOLD! SHE'S WAKING UP!
Ringo come home
SQUEAK!
RATTLE!

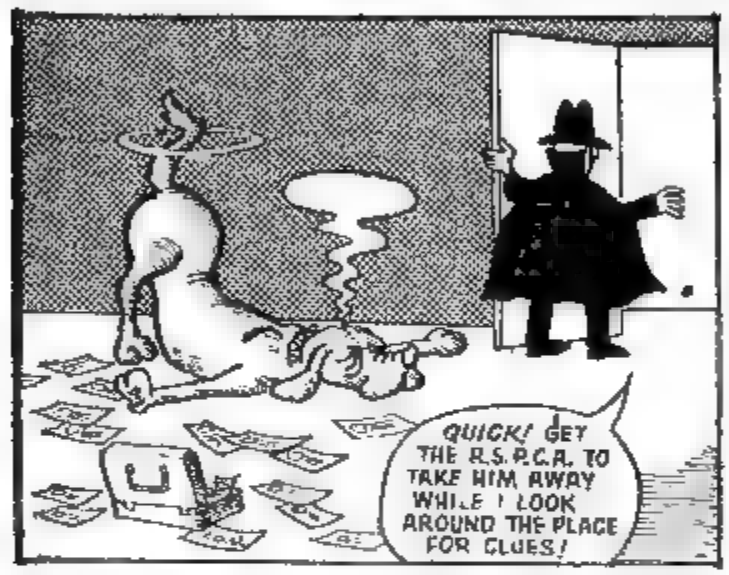
ERK! THAT FACE!—OH, IT'S YOU, MARIGOLD! WH-WHAT AM I DOING HERE?

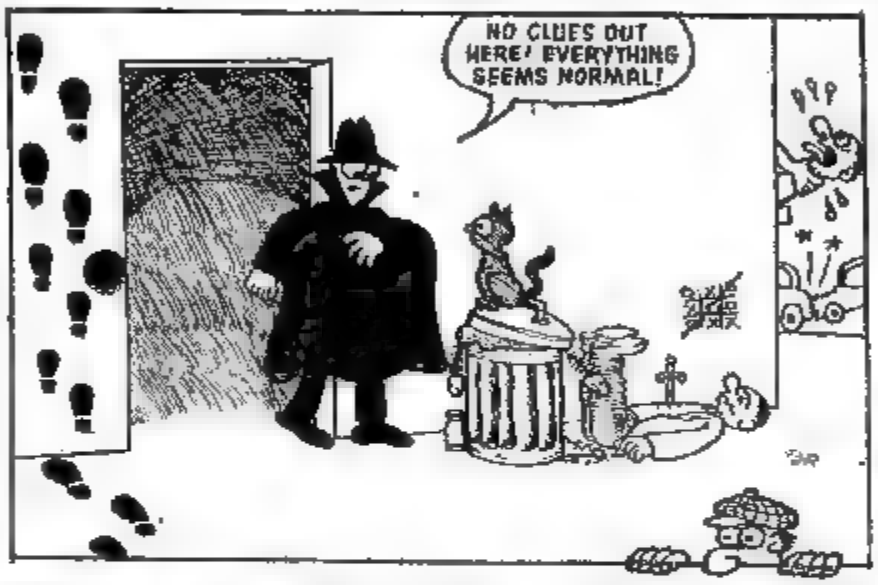
OH, NO! THEY'VE BROUGHT MISS FITT WITH THEM! WHAT'S SHE DOING HERE?
COO! NAUGHTY OLD MISS B
CRUMP!

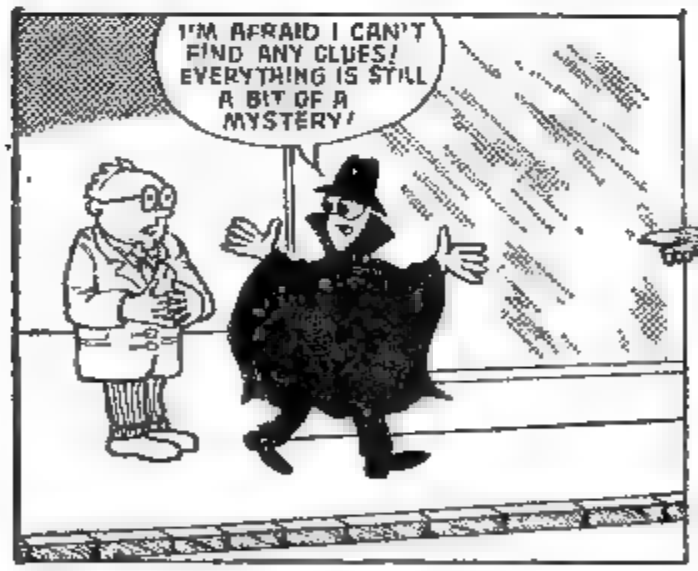
GRRR! YOU'RE AS BAD AS THEM, YOU OLD BATTLE-AXE! TAKE THAT!
GOOD SHOT!
HEH! HEH! HURRY, MISS B.—SHE'S GAINING!
HAR! HAR!
BONK!
HURTLE!
HELP! YAROO!

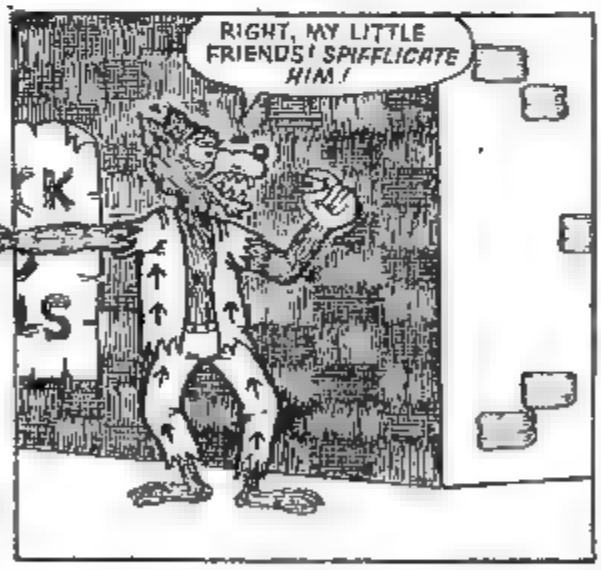
EEK! LOOK OUT—MARIGOLD'S SENSE OF BALANCE IS NON-EXISTENT!
M-MERCY, M-MARIGOLD! M-MERCY!
BOO! HOO! WE'RE DOOMED—I'LL NEVER SEE ILLYA AGAIN!
G-G-GERONIMO!
LEAP!
PLOP!
AND HERE WE HAVE A FINE SPECIMEN OF THE LESSER SPOTTED SCHOOLGIRL!
NOTICE THIS SPACE
WHAT'S GOOD LEADING ANALTREATMENT FOR MISS B FOR SEEKS OUT BY HOSPITAL
GOT TO KEEP IN TRIM, EH?
TICKLE!
SPLUTTER!
TA—JUST THE CARD NEEDED!
OH, YOU ADORABLE THING! OOPS—ANOTHER MIRROR GONE!
YIPE!
WHEEEEE!
SHATTER!
KRUNK

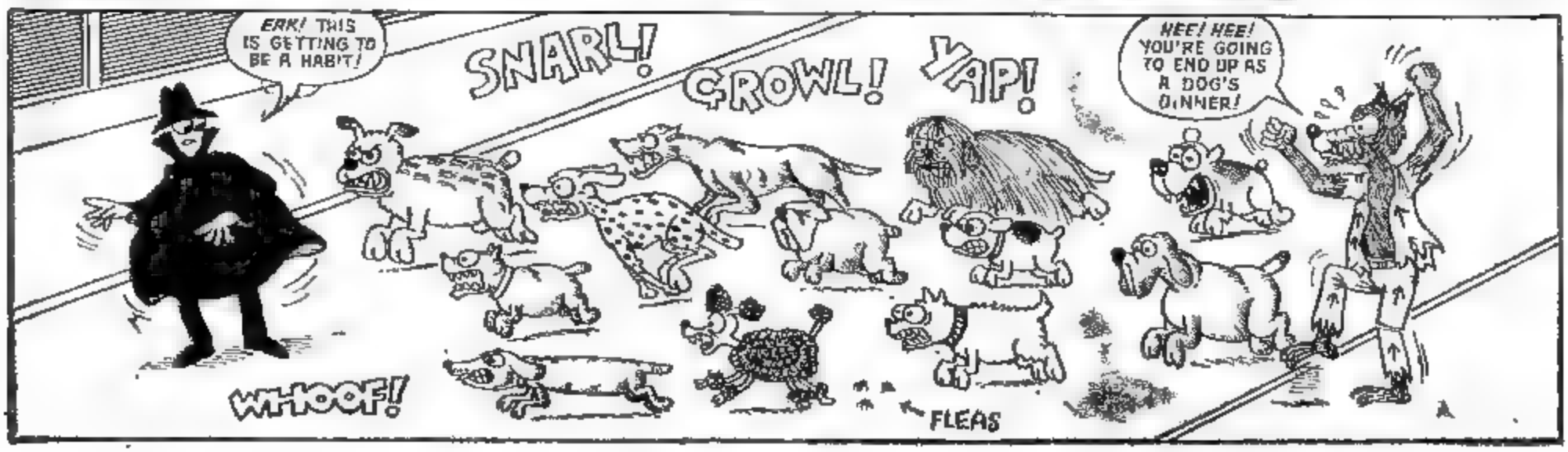
THE CLOAK vs Dr. ZERO









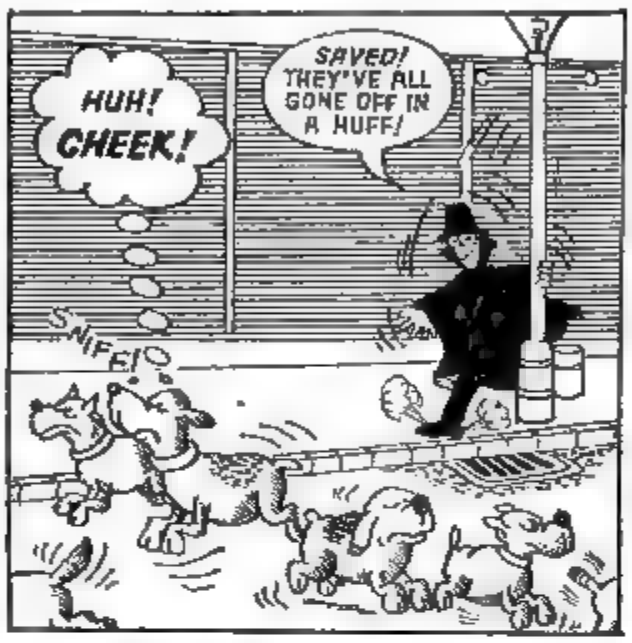


AAAUGH! CALL 'EM OFF!
WOOF!
GRR!

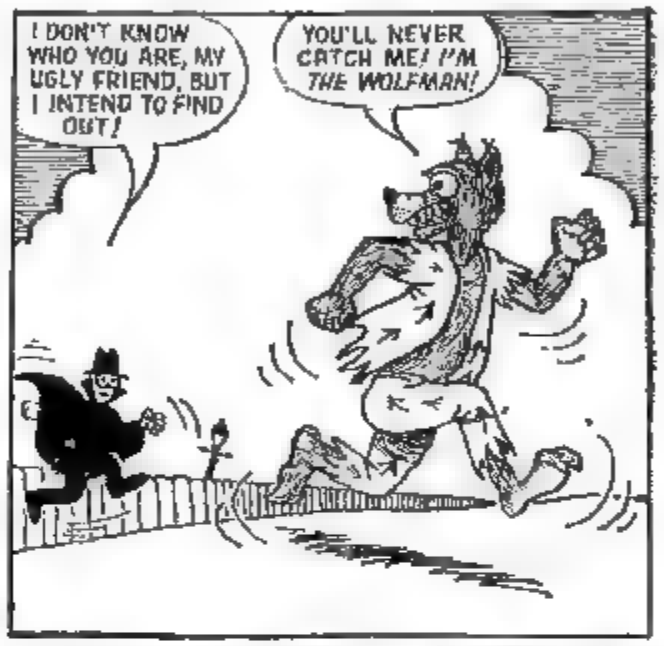
AH, SAVED! A HANDY LAMP-POST!

GEDDOWN, YOU HAIRY, FLEA-BITTEN MONGRELS!
GROWL!
SNARL!

HUH! MONGRELS! WE ALL HAPPEN TO HAVE PEDIGREES!
... AND WE CERTAINLY DON'T HAVE FLEAS!

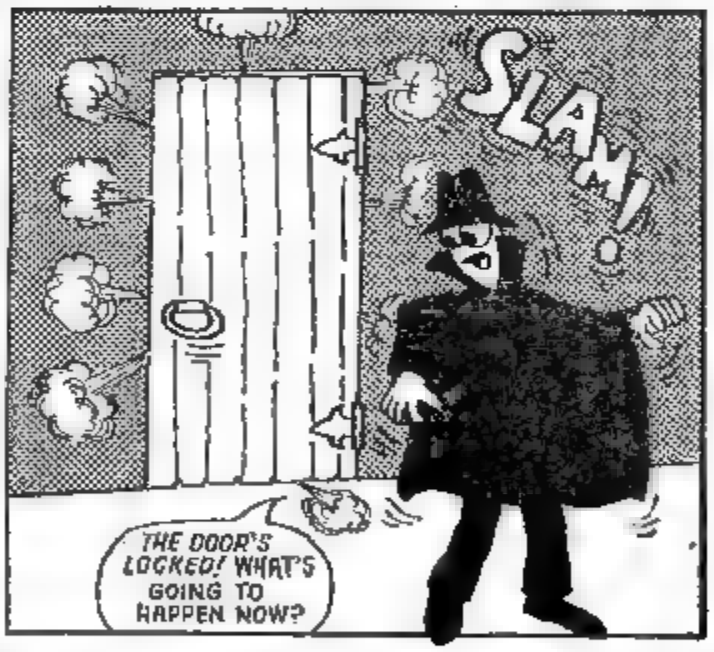

HUH! CHEEK!
SAVED! THEY'VE ALL GONE OFF IN A HUFF!
SNIFF!

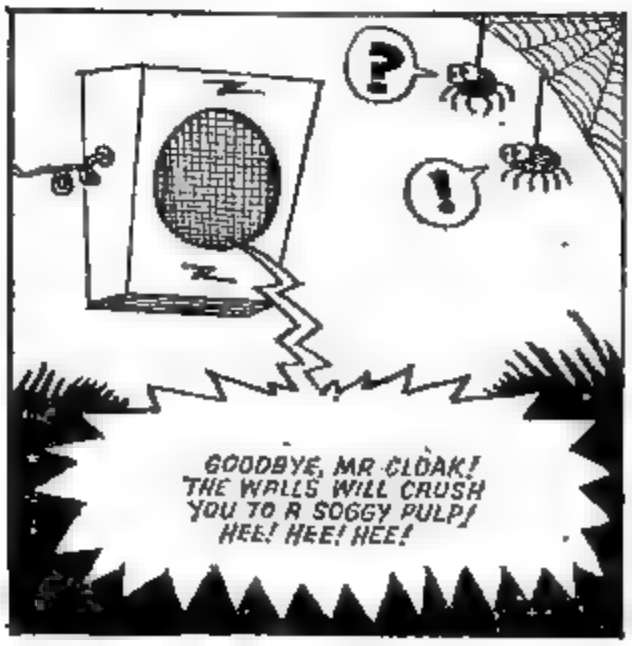
BAH! TRUST ME TO PICK DOGS THAT GET OFFENDED! NOW THAT CLOAKED IDIOT WILL BE COMING AFTER ME!


I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE, MY UGLY FRIEND, BUT I INTEND TO FIND OUT!
YOU'LL NEVER CATCH ME! I'M THE WOLFMAN!

13
HEH! HEH! ONCE HE'S IN MY LAIR HE WON'T FEEL SO CONFIDENT!

NOW WHERE'S THAT HAIRY VILLAIN GOT TO?
13


SLAM!
THE DOOR'S LOCKED! WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN NOW?

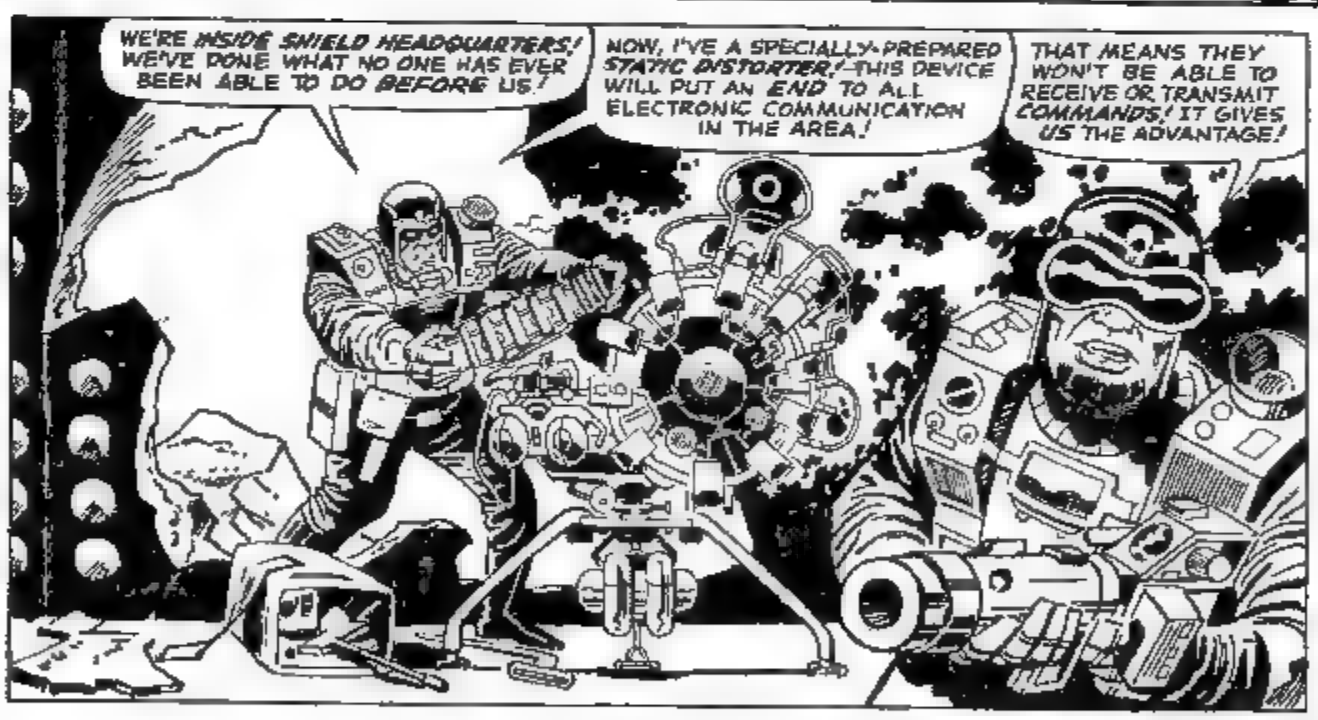

?
!
GOODBYE, MR CLOAK! THE WALLS WILL CRUSH YOU TO A SOGGY PULP! HEE! HEE! HEE!

OH, NO! I'M IN ANOTHER NASTY SITUATION! I HATE MY SCRIPT WRITER!
RUMBLE!
CREAK!
MIK
WILL THE CLOAK GET THE POINT? SEE NEXT WEEK'S SIZZLING ISSUE!

CONTINUING... Nick Fury of S.H.I.E.L.D'S most perilous mission!

WHO STRIKES AT SHIELD?

DESTROY SHIELD! THAT IS THE SWORN RESOLVE OF MENTALLO AND THE FIXER, PERHAPS THE MOST DANGEROUS DUO IN CRIME-DOM! TO COMBAT THIS MENACE SHIELD DEPENDS ON TROUBLE-SHOOTING NICK FURY WHO HAS BEEN EQUIPPED WITH A MIND-TRANSFERENCE MACHINE. BUT SOMETHING HAS GONE WRONG...



SECONDS LATER, THE TWO INCREDIBLE INVADERS ACCIDENTALLY TRIGGER ONE OF SHIELD'S MOST POWERFUL DEFENCES --

THESE MOVING WALLS WILL BOX US IN! AND MY JERICHO TUBE CAN'T AFFECT THEM.

WE'RE NOT BEATEN YET! I CAN MENTALLY SENSE THE WEAKEST SPOT IN THE WALL...

THEY'RE MADE OF A STEEL-HARD FIBRE INSTEAD OF METAL!

EXCELLENT! NOW, STAND BACK WHILE I PLACE A SMALL, MECHANICAL RADAR CRAB ON THE AREA YOU'VE SELECTED!

SEE HOW IT MOVES ALONG THE WALL IN A PERFECT CIRCLE, LEAVING A TRAIL OF RADIOACTIVE ISOTOPE BEHIND IT...

WHAT A PARTNER! YOU'VE GOT A GADGET FOR EVERY-THING!

THERE! THE CHEMICAL HAS EATEN RIGHT THROUGH THE WALL -- AS I KNEW IT WOULD!

HOLD IT! I'M GETTING A THOUGHT! I CAN SENSE HIDDEN ARMAMENTS DIRECTLY AHEAD OF US!

AND, EVEN AS MENTALLO SPEAKS, AN ALUMINUM WALL PANEL SLIDES SILENTLY OPEN, REVEALING A COMPLEX OF STUN GUNS -- AUTOMATICALLY ZEROED-IN ON THEIR TWO HUMAN TARGETS --!

FIRE

CEASE FIRE

ALERT

FIXER! DO SOMETHING!

EVEN BEFORE MENTALLO'S CRY HAS DIED AWAY, THE FANTASTIC FIXER PRESSES A HIDDEN STUD ON ONE OF HIS MYRIAD WEAPONS, INSTANTLY CAUSING A BASIC VIBRO-MISSILE DEFLECTER TO SPRING INTO POSITION --

THWANNNG

QUICKLY, MENTALLO -- USE YOUR PISTOL GRENADE ON THE GUNS AHEAD OF US!

PERFECT! YOU GAVE ME ALL THE TIME I NEEDED!

NOW THAT I'VE SENSED WHERE THE MAIN CONTROL IS PLACED, I KNOW EXACTLY WHICH SPOT TO AIM FOR --!

WE DID IT!

FIXER -- THIS IS IT! I CAN DETECT FURY AND HIS MEN -- DIRECTLY BEHIND THIS DOOR!

WE MUSTN'T STOP NOW! WE'VE GOT TO KEEP ATTACKING -- WE MUST GIVE THEM NO TIME TO PREPARE NEW DEFENCES!

ONCE WE REACH THEM, MY SPECIALLY-PREPARED ELEMENT Z WILL BRING US THE FINAL VICTORY!

AND, BEHIND THE MASSIVE STEEL DOOR, WE FIND...

THAT BLAST WE HEARD MEANS THEY JUST CLOBBERED OUR LAST DEFENCE!

GIT READY, YOU CLOWNS! THAT TIN DOOR ISN'T GOING TO HOLD THEM BACK FOR LONG!

THE ADVANTAGE IS THEIRS! THAT MIND READER KNOWS EVERYTHING WE'VE PLANNED -- AND THE FIXER HAS WEAPONS ALL PREPARED TO OUT-DO OUR OWN!

BUT I NEVER GAVE UP BEFORE, AND I'M TOO OLD TO START NOW!

SAME GOES FOR US, COLONEL! WE'LL GO DOWN FIGHTING!

OKAY! SAVE THE FLAG-WAVING FOR LATER! THEY'RE STARTING TO BUST THROUGH!

RAISE YOUR RIFLES! SHOOT AT ANYTHING THAT MOVES! HERE THEY COME --!

BWOK!
IT WORKED! THEY DIDN'T EXPECT US TO USE ANTI-GRAV PROPELLANTS! THEIR FIRST SHOTS WERE TOO LOW!
AND THEY WON'T HAVE TIME TO RE-AIM! YOUR NEUTRINO SHELLS WILL TAKE CARE OF THAT!
THE DOOR FELL INWARD... BLOCKING OUR VISION FOR A COUPLE OF SECONDS! THEY'RE MOVING TOO FAST! BUT WE'LL GET THEM! WE'VE GOT TO GET THEM...!
PWEE!
THAK
BWOK!

BUT, BEFORE ANY OF THE VALIANT DEFENDERS' SHELLS CAN FIND THEIR MARK, A STARTLED NICK FURY SEES--!
MY GUYS ARE DROPPING LIKE FLIES! THEY'RE ALL STIFF--'N RIGID! SOMETHING PENETRATED THEIR ARMORED SUITS!
SURPRISED, COLONEL? OUR NEUTRINO SHELLS HAVE MERELY RELEASED ELEMENT Z WHICH CAN SEEP THROUGH ANY MATERIAL!

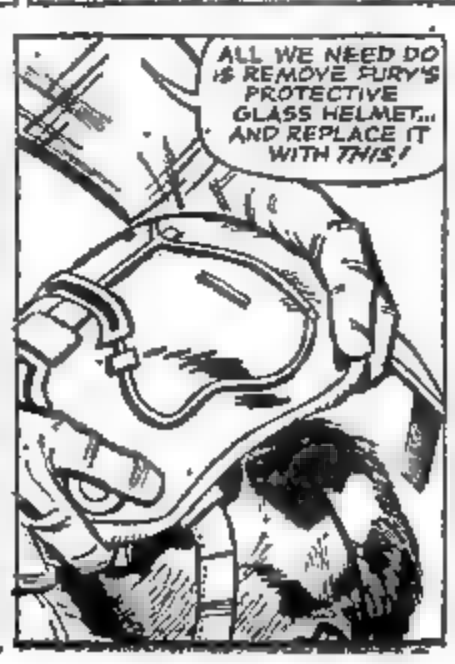
IT'S BEGINNING TO AFFECT ME, TOO! I'M GETTIN' STIFF-- PARALYZED--! NO! I'VE GOT TO KEEP FIRING! CAN'T LET THEM GET PAST ME! CAN'T! CAN'T!
NO NEED FOR ALARM, FURY! THE NEUTRINO PARTICLES WILL NOT PROVE FATAL! ALTHOUGH, LATER ON, YOU MAY WISH THAT THEY DID!

CAN'T MOVE! CAN'T THINK! CAN'T EVEN STOP FIRING! BLACKINGOUT--!
WE SALUTE YOU, COLONEL! YOU HAVE FALLEN IN THE BEST MOVIE HERO MANNER--FIGHTING TILL THE END!

AND, FOR YOU-- AND THE NOW-DEFEATED ORGANIZATION KNOWN AS SHIELD --THIS TRULY IS-- THE END!
NO! NO! NOOOOOO...

HE'S UNCONSCIOUS! WE'VE WON! SHIELD IS OURS!
BUT, THE BEST IS YET TO BE! FURY'S FIGHTING HEART SHALL NOT BE LOST TO US!

INSTEAD OF FIGHTING US, HE WILL BECOME OUR ALLY! FIXER, DID YOU BRING THE ELECTRONIC MASK?
OF COURSE! IT WILL MAKE OUR TRIUMPH EVEN MORE SPECTACULAR THAN EVER!


ALL WE NEED DO IS REMOVE FURY'S PROTECTIVE GLASS HELMET... AND REPLACE IT WITH THIS!

THE ELECTRONIC COMPONENTS OF THE MASK HE NOW WEARS WILL ALTER THE CEREBELLAR PATTERN OF HIS BRAIN...!
THUS, COLONEL FURY IS OURS TO COMMAND! FOR, HE MUST NOW OBEY EACH AND EVERY ORDER WE CHOOSE TO GIVE HIM!

RISE, SLAVE! PREPARE TO SERVE THE NEW MASTERS OF SHIELD!
BUT, ALL IS NOT AS HOPELESS AS IT MAY SEEM! PREPARE YOURSELF FOR SHOCKING SURPRISES NEXT ISH, AS YOU SEE FURY FIGHT BACK AS NEVER BEFORE! TILL THEN--DON'T YIELD! BACK SHIELD!

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IN TERRIFIC

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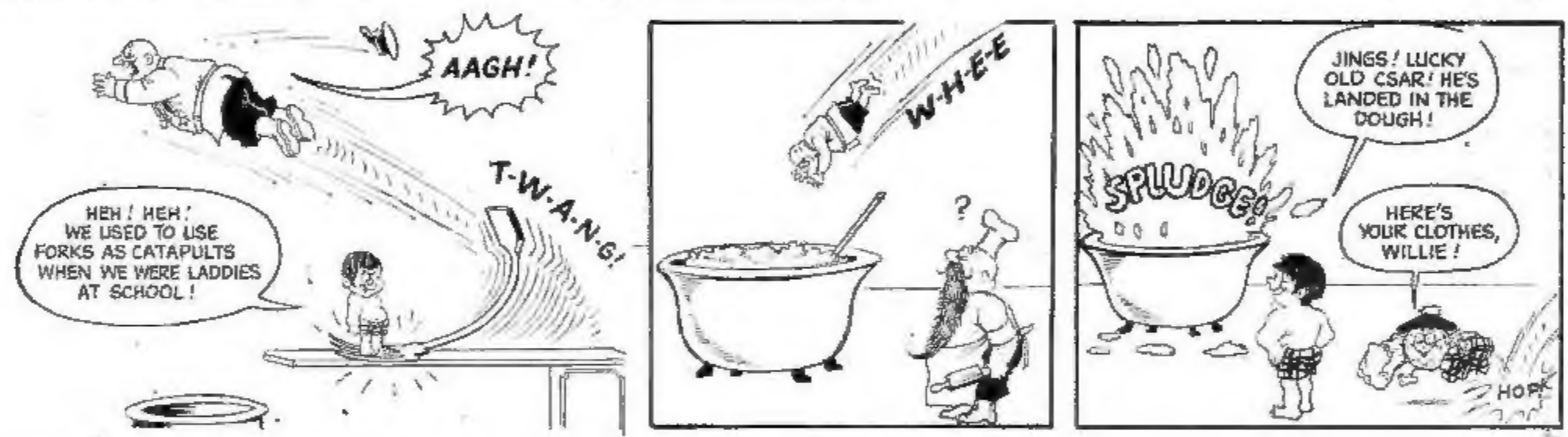
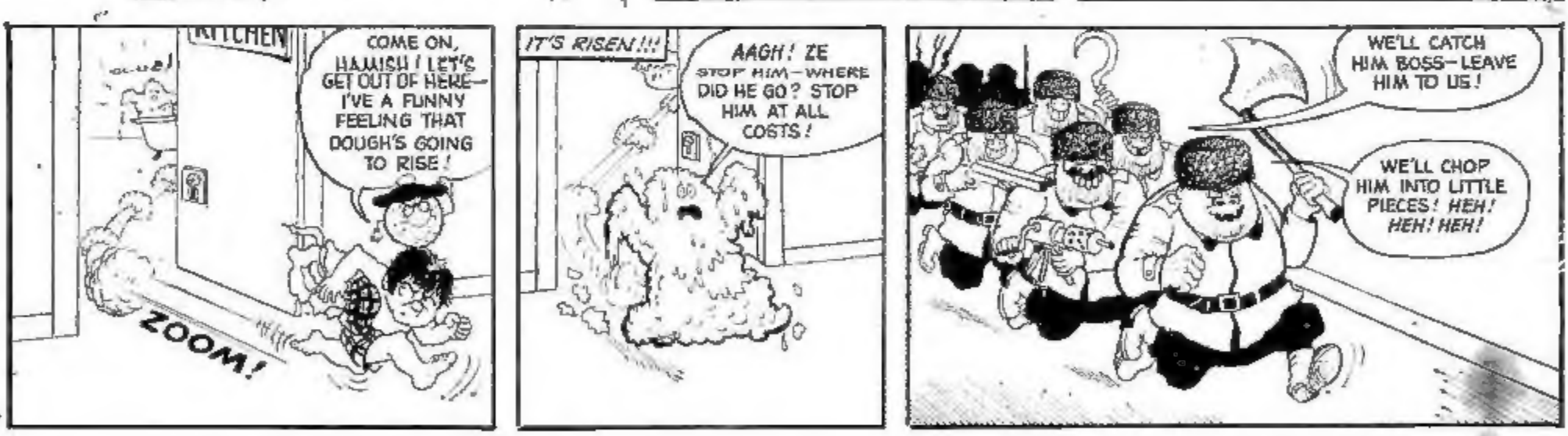
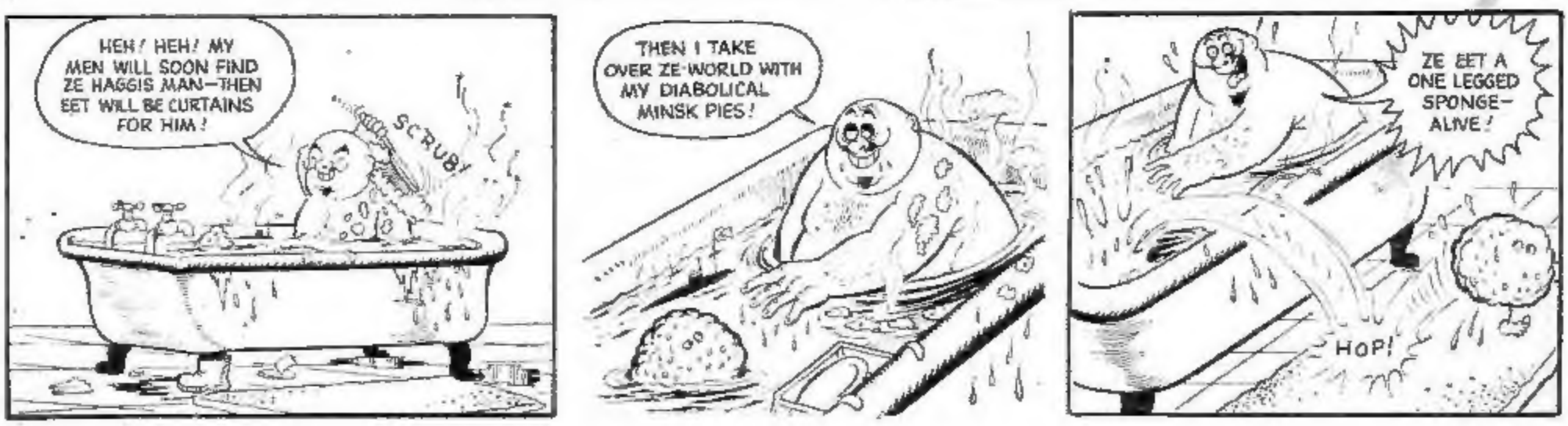
P.T.

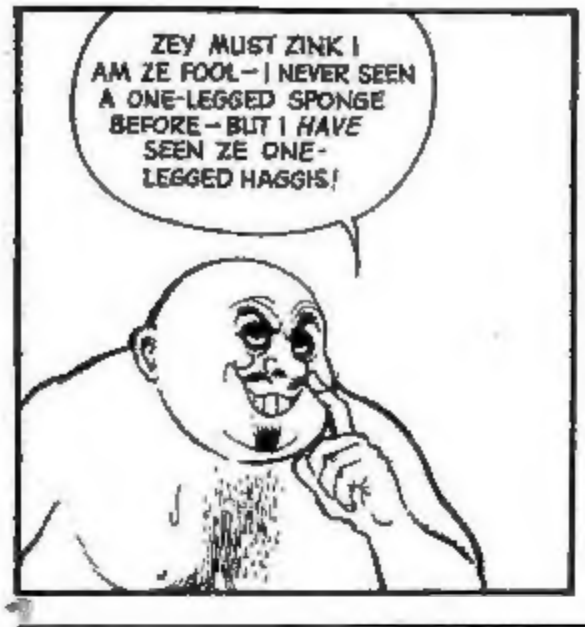
WEE WILLIE HAGGIS

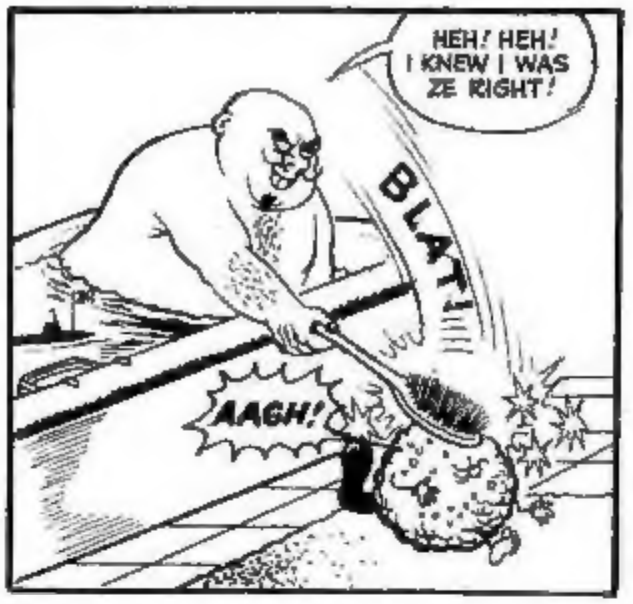
The Spy from Skye

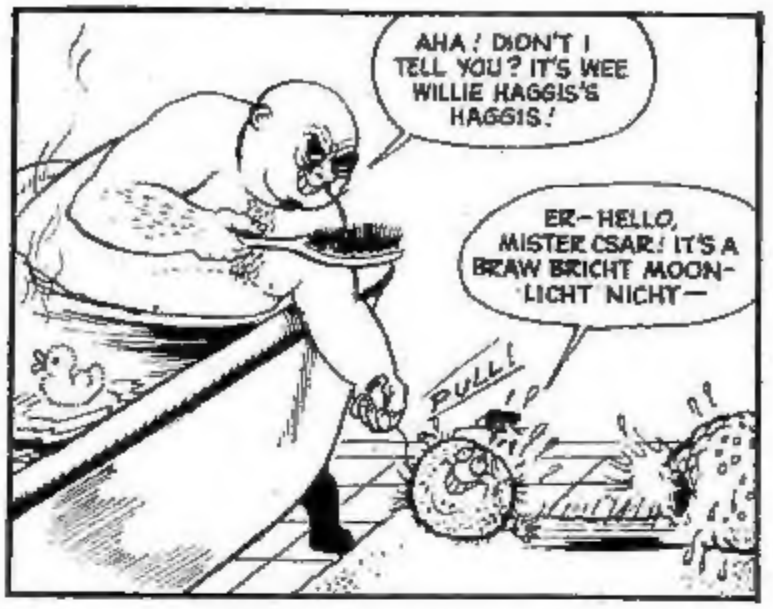


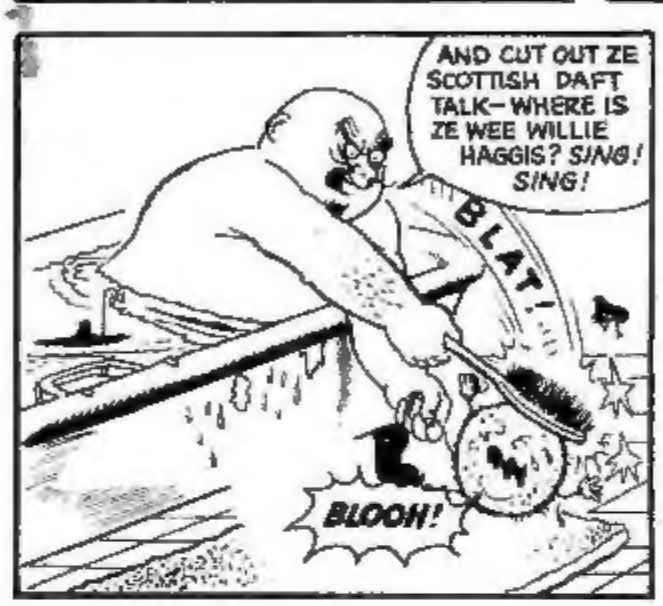


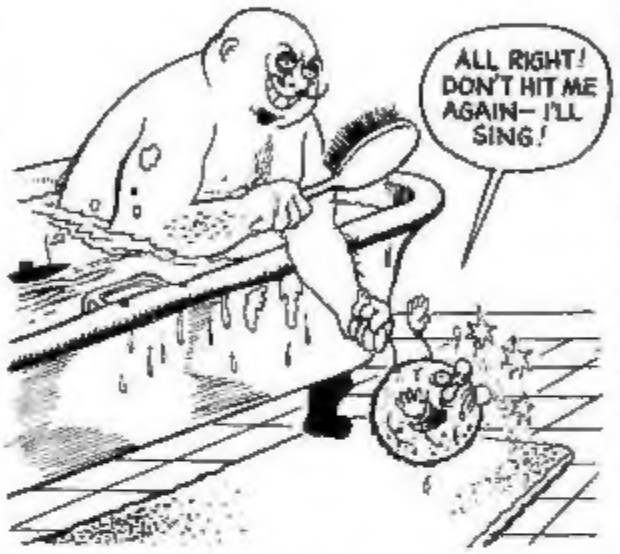


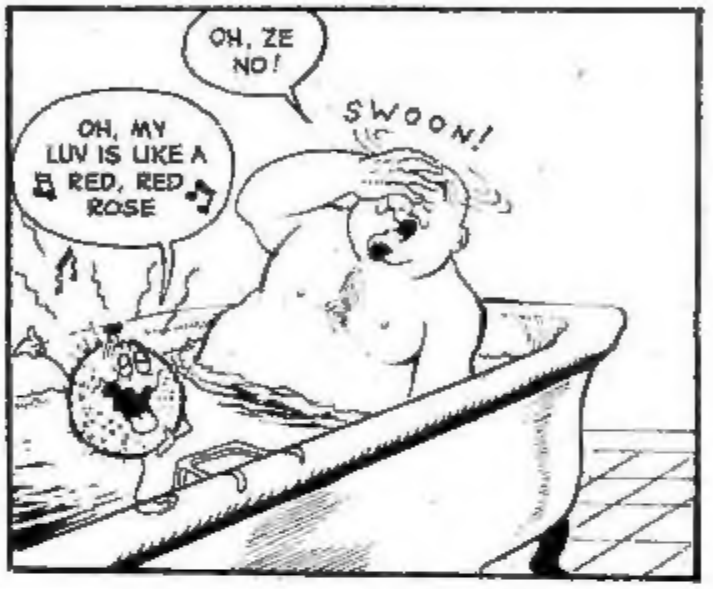


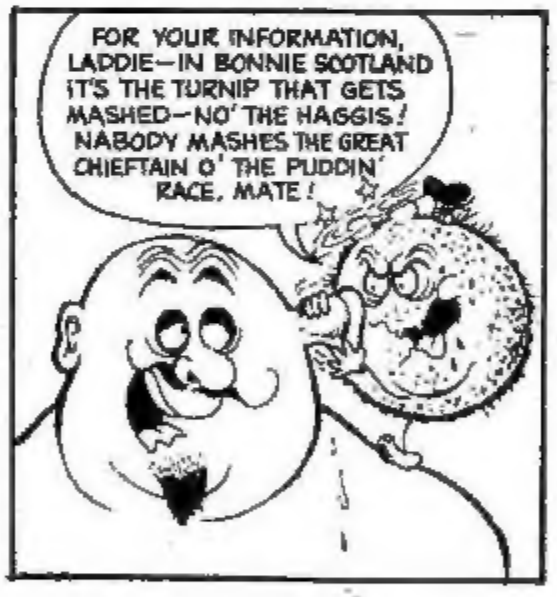


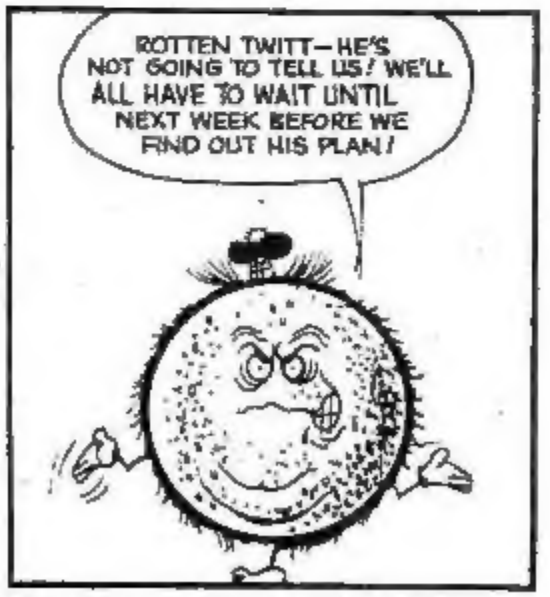












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IF YOUR DARE IS PUBLISHED – YOU WIN £1

A DARE FOR YOU, DAVY, FROM ALAN NELSON, OF MANSFIELD – NEAR SHERWOOD FOREST! CATCH!

ALAN'S DARE

TWOING

WHEE-E-E-E

WHILST BRAVING CURSES SWIPES AND PUNCHES I DARE ST THEE – SQUASH SOME WORKMEN'S LUNCHES

TWANNNG

HOODWINK YE FOREMAN – CLAD IN BOWLER AND FLATTEN THEM WITH THEIR OWN STEAM-ROLLER –

WITH A FAL-LAL-LAW AND A FIDDLE-DIDDLE-DEE-E-E-E –

– AND A DERRY-DERRY FOL-LOL-LAY

TWOING

WHIZZ

SPLINK-SPLANK

(DAVY'S "WILL-POWER")

GR-R! 'SHADES OF SHERWOOD' VANQUISH, YE NIT!

TOO RIGHT

NEED NOT THIS THWANGING TWIT MY LIEGE, HE PLOTS THY FOULSOME RUIN. IF WITH HIS DARE, THOU DOESN'T PROCEED I'LL BE THY DARE UNDOIN'.

-LAH-A-A-A-AGH! – GURGLE-CHOKE-!

WITH A FALL-LAH-

WITH THE COMPLIMENTS OF HOOD & CO.

ZIP

FRANG

– T-TURN BACK MY LEIGE! (CROAK) 'TIS FOLLY!

– 'TIS A VILE TRAP TO-TO-!!! ERK! (GURGLE!)

BANG

AND SO – WILLIE – (HAVING JOINED THE LOT WHO ALWAYS GET LICKED) IS LIQUIDATED UNTIL NEXT WEEK, AND DAVY IS LEFT TO FACE THE ENEMY –

-ENTIRELY ON HIS TOD!

GR-R-R! SNARL! IF ANYBODY TRIES TO STOP ME FLATTENING THEM LUNCHES, I'LL FLATTEN THEM!

NAH THEN! I HEARD THAT, M'LAD! JUST YOU DARE – THAT'S ALL!

ONE BASH LATER

SWISH!!

BAM

GURGLE

LEAVING THE CRUMPLED CONSTABLE 'CAUSING AN OBSTRUCTION' IN THE GUTTER, DAVY CLUMPS MECHANICALLY ON TOWARDS HIS GHOULISH GOAL

HEH-HEH-HEH! HERE WE ARE, AND JUST IN TIME FOR LUNCH!

GIBBER GIBBER

CLUMP

PRETENDING TO BE AS SANE AS ANYBODY ELSE DAVY SAUNTERS BY –

MORNING, SONNY! NICE DAY!

HEE HEE! SO FAR!

HIS OBJECTIVE BEING A TEN TON HISSING JUGGERNAUT – MANUFACTURED WHEN QUEEN VICTORIA SPORTED A BUN.

HAH-HAH! HEH-HEH! CACKLE – NOW FOR IT!

CLANK

HISSSS

SMOKE

CHUG

THERE'S A COUPLE OF LUNCH BOXES NEAR THAT WOODEN HUT! (GIBBER)

SLURP!

EE-BY GUM! LETTUCE AN' 'AM!

WHAT'S THE MISSUS MADE FOR YOU, PADDY?

ACH! WOULD YE LOOK AT DAT, NOW! BREAD AND DRIPPING – BEDHAD! OI *HATE* THE STUFF! HUH! DAT'S PUT ME IN A REAL NASTY FRAME OF MOIND FOR THE REST OF THE DAY, DAT HAS.

MUNCH MUNCH

RUMBLE

ERK! ME TINNED TERMATER SOUP!

AND SURE IF ANYBODY UPSETS ME 'TIS HIS BLUD OI'LL BE AFTER, OR ME NAME'S NOT PADDY O'SLAUGHTERER, FROM KILLICLOBBER.

SPLUDGE

CRUNCH

AGHH! BEGORRAH! 'TIS UPSET OI AM, AND OUT FOR MURTHUR!

SPLAT

THE THUNDER OF POUNDING GUM-BOOTS LATER...

GRR! SNARL! GOTCHA ME BOY! FOIVE MINUTES FROM NOW AND 'TIS *DEAD* YOU'LL BE WISHING TO BE!

ZIP

ERK! NO! I-IT WASN'T MY IDEA!

A LITTLE SCHOOL LAD CALLED ALAN NELSON DARED ME TO SQUASH YOUR LUNCHES, A-AND I CAN'T RESIST!

HEE-HEE! NOW WOULDN'T DAT BE THE AMAZING COINCIDENCE, ME B'HOY! *OI* CAN'T RESIST EITHOR – AND I AM BEING TEMPTED TO KNOCK YOU INTO A LOIKENESS O' PADDY McGINTY'S GOAT!

GULP!

BUT-BUT!

ER-ER NOW LOOK, MISTER O'SLAUGHTER, SIR-ER-H-HOW ABOUT SETTLING THIS LITTLE MISUNDERSTANDING F-F-FINANCIALLY? YOU-YOU WRITE TO 'POW' DARING *ME* TO DO SOMETHING! AND ALF OR B-BART'LL SEND YOU A QUID AND CALL IT QUITS, EH?

GUG-GO ON! D-DARE ME!

THE PORTRAIT BELOW (OF DAVY WISHING HE WAS DEAD) WAS MADE FIVE MINUTES AFTER MR. O'SLAUGHTERER'S IMPOLITE REFUSAL BY OUR 'POW' ARTIST IN A HALF-FAINTING CONDITION!

TWO DAYS LATER, AT 'POW', WHEN DAVY HAS FULLY REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS

LEMME LOOSE! LEMME-GET-AT-HIM! I GOTTA-GET TO MANSFIELD! AND WHEN I *DO* THERE'LL BE ANOTHER ONE-ARMED, ONE-EYED NELSON IN NOTTS – AND HIS *NAME* WON'T BE HORATIO!

GNASH-GNASH-GNASH

TUG

JERK

CHOMP-CHOMP

OKAY! IT'S AGREED! THE ONE WHO PICKS THE LONG STRAW SENDS ALAN HIS QUID AND A NOTE WARNING HIM TO TAKE REFUGE IN SHERWOOD FOREST! THE *OTHER* POOR WRETCH PULLS OUT THE NAIL (GULP!) AND HANDS DAVY THIS – *NEXT WEEK'S DARE!*